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Malcolm Muggeridge on Beaverbrook

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The End of an Interregnum

WHILE Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev have been making their prodigal progress through Asia, the Moscow stage has been set for their return. For several months the power and policy struggle within the Soviet Union has been moving steadily towards a climax. Whatever opposition there has been to the present Soviet leadership, it has clearly been well under control; for the premier and the party secretary have felt secure enough to make a long trip abroad and to take with them General Serov, the head of the police. But there have obviously been both intrigue and confusion, and it has taken time to prepare the party and public opinion—possibly for yet another reorganisation of the "collective leadership" and certainly for an authoritative definition of the new party line.

The first place to look for this is the meeting of the Supreme Soviet, which assembles this week. Whether or not it is asked to approve changes in the Soviet government, it will hear reports on the Asian mission, approve the budget, and consider both the new "point four" foreign policy and the current five-year plan, which will gear the Soviet economy to long-term objectives. Almost immediately afterwards, the Soviet leaders will face the 20th party congress—the first to be held since the death of Stalin. The preparations are already far advanced, and the preliminary meetings have been used, not merely to test the mood of the party, but to educate party members on current issues. If they have not until now been told what the new line is to be, at least they have been well prepared for important changes, and there has been a sustained effort to improve and revitalise the party organisation. Someone, presumably Mr. Krushchev, now feels strong enough to force a showdown; the supremacy of the party over the state and the police is well on the way to being re-established, and the party itself is now to be purged of the "right" deviators (does even Malenkov come in this category?) who want a more rapid increase in living standards.

This does not mean that the dominant group in the Soviet leadership wants to get back to the stupidities and excesses of the Stalin era. But it has clearly set its sights high. If China is to be industrialised, if more economic aid is to be given to Asia, if heavy industry and new atomic projects are to be given priority, both the Soviet people and those of eastern Europe have to be braced for new efforts. These, for a variety of reasons, cannot be secured by the crude and violent methods that Stalin used. The secret police has been openly discredited and reduced in power, and "relaxation" is needed to create confidence and ensure technical efficiency. Any attempt to revert to extensive coercion would throw away the real advantages of the "thaw" in both home and foreign politics. The new line, therefore, has to be sustained mainly by political means: at home and abroad, a return to "Leninism" looks like the new party line, and a strengthened party will be the instrument for applying it.

This is the theme which has run through Mr. Krushchev's speeches and actions in recent months. It is reflected in the replacement of Soviet career diplomats by party officials. It was the underlying purpose of the Soviet rapprochement with Tito. It explains why, in Hungary, the "reformism" of Mr. Nagy—a product of Malenkov's brief tenure of power—has given way to the "toughness" of Mr. Rakosi, and why a new campaign has been launched against the "opportunism" of Hungarian intellectuals who have circulated "bourgeois" and "anti-party" slanders. Hungary, on the verge of a new collectivisation campaign, has to be pulled together. Rumania, too, has to strengthen its weak party organisation—it has run into serious difficulties—and the new party statutes presented this week to the Workers' Party congress in Bucharest, show that control is being deliberately transferred from a coercive state apparatus, directed by a few leaders, to a reorganised party machine. The pattern is becoming clear throughout the Soviet bloc. The post-Stalin interregnum is coming to an end.

Comments on the Week's News

Those Government Changes

At last it has happened. After several false starts; after the mild illness which seems regularly to afflict Sir Anthony Eden when he has a big decision to make; after leaks and inspired forecasts in every newspaper had exactly informed the public about the appointments which matter, the formal announcement was finally made on Tuesday. Mr. Butler, weary and now somewhat discredited after four years at the Treasury, is recognised as what he has in effect always been, Sir Anthony's deputy. His job it will be to fortify the premier's obvious incapacity on the home front, while concealing as far as possible from the Commons the lack of decision which has characterised the present administration. Freed from departmental cares, he will also have time for the forward thinking about policy which, under both Sir Anthony and Sir Winston, appears to have been almost entirely neglected since 1951. Mr. Macmillan brings ability but little experience to the Treasury. His appointment, and that of his successor at the Foreign Office, might inspire more confidence if the reasons for them—that Mr. Macmillan can no longer work under the premier's fussy interference and that Sir Anthony is unwilling to have a political equal in his old department—were not so totally irrelevant to the public interest.

Members for Malta

The report of the round-table conference on Malta, though unfortunately not unanimous, is a thoroughly statesmanlike document. It accepts Mr. Mintoff's principal contention that integration with the United Kingdom provides the only permanent solution to Malta's economic difficulties, and points out that Malta's position as a fortress, and its size, exclude development towards Dominion status. It calls for revision of the meaning of the term "defence" in the reserved powers of the governor—a source of continual friction in the past. It also recommends that grants-in-aid, now fixed by the clumsy mechanism of annual negotiations, should be settled for a period of years, thus allowing the Maltese government to adopt a long-term budgetary policy. We welcome these proposals, and they would no doubt have received a more generally enthusiastic welcome in the press and parliament, if the government in London had greeted them with the slightest gesture of approval or endorsement. So far from doing that, ministers are now said to be reluctant to define their attitude until after a parliamentary debate, which could not take place until the end of January and which would certainly be interpreted in Malta as an attempt to influence the February referendum. The responsible opposition to the report in this country is insignificant (the Maltese should realise that the two dissenting signatories are of very light weight in British politics); but such opposition as there is would no doubt profit from the occasion of a parliamentary debate both to stiffen Dr. Borg Olivier's resistance to integration and to foster opposition from the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Despite the predominance of the Roman Catholics in Malta, it is quite certain that only a minority of the Maltese are prepared to follow Dr. Borg Olivier. But it seems to be accepted in both London and Valetta that integration is not practicable unless it is approved by an unmistakable vote; and it is not entirely certain that Mr. Mintoff will secure a large enough majority in the referendum to put the implementation of his plan beyond doubt. In these circumstances it is clearly desirable that the House of Commons should avoid the appearance of intervening to influence what, at this stage, ought to be a free choice by the people of Malta.

Middle-Eastern Realpolitik

Recent events in both Jordan and the Trucial Coast show Britain's Middle-East policy in the worst possible light. General Templer's visit to Amman was the culmination of months of diplomatic activity designed to secure Jordan's adhesion to the Baghdad Pact. Opinion in western Jordan, which borders on Israel, is bitterly opposed to the pact, which it regards as a barrier between Jordan and Egypt; it is not surprising, therefore, that General Templer's attempts to force the hand of El Mufti, the prime minister, led to the resignation of four west Jordanian cabinet ministers and the collapse of the government. The next British move was to replace El Mufti by Hazza el Majali, a more reliable stooge, pack the cabinet with east Jordanians, and purge the staff of the Jordanian army. This clumsy piece of *realpolitik* has led to anti-British riots in Amman and Jordanese Jerusalem, stiffened the pro-Egyptian attitude of the Lebanon, and caused serious alarm in Israel, which fears that the new Anglo-Jordan agreement will allow the British to set up bases in former Palestinian territory, at present in dispute. Finally, after only four days of office, Hazza el Majali was compelled to bow to popular pressure and call an early general election. It is particularly unfortunate that the crisis should have occurred in the same week as the so-called "policing" operation against the Iman of Oman on the Trucial Coast. The suzerainty of the Nazwa oasis, like Buraimi, has been under dispute for some time. The important point at issue is whether the British-controlled Iraq Petroleum Company should be allowed to build a motor-road which will facilitate prospecting in the interior. The Iman, backed by Saudi Arabia and the American-controlled Aramco, has opposed the scheme. The Sultan of Muscat, a British puppet, may have some legal claim to the oasis, but this is the second time in two months that the British have encouraged him to use force to settle territorial disputes.

The Saar Elections

The elections to the Saar diet, though generally confirming the result of the September referendum, have produced some surprises. The three pro-German parties polled only 63.9 per cent.—a figure of 85 per cent. had been thought likely—and the Christian Democrats, who were expected to emerge the clear victors, have only a slender lead over their nearest rivals, Dr. Schneider's neo-Nazi Democratic Party. The Christian Democrats and the Democrats will have 27 out of 50 seats in the new diet, but the basic antagonism between the two groups, submerged during the referendum campaign, has come into the open in recent weeks, and forming a coalition will not be easy. Once the Saar's future status has been settled, it may prove more convenient for the Christian Democrats to coalesce with Dr. Hoffman's Christian Peoples' Party which, though a supporter of the statute, agrees with the Christian Democrats on other issues. For the moment, however, the simplest solution is to reshape the present caretaker government of technicians into a broad-based coalition, to hold office until negotiations with France are over. The Saarlanders now believe that France is prepared to accept the Saar's eventual absorbtion in Germany, provided the present Franco-Saar customs and currency union can be replaced by a permanent economic treaty which protects France's interests; and this, it is said, was the basis of the agreement reached last week between M. Pinay and Herr von Brentano.

Independence for the Sudan

The Anglo-Egyptian decision to settle the problem of the Sudan's future status by a plebiscite under international supervision was badly received in Khartum; and the Sudanese government has now taken the law into its own hands by simply proclaiming Sudanese independence. This popular move—the motion was passed unanimously by the Sudanese parliament—demonstrates once again the supreme opportunism which brought Azhari to the top in Sudanese politics and is likely to keep him there. The opposition, based upon a twin demand for immediate independence and a national coalition government, had been growing stronger and more united in recent weeks, and it seemed inevitable that he would have to yield. Now, by abruptly dropping the plebiscite, he can claim all the credit for independence without having to concede the opposition's demand for a national government. His basic weakness, of course, remains: he owed his victory in the first Sudanese elections to Egyptian influence and the support of the Khatmia sect, and he will soon have to go to the country without either. But there are already signs that he is angling for the southern vote, and in any case the initiative is his for the time being. There may be a coalition—but it will be on Azhari's terms; and if, as seems sure, the co-domini accept Monday's declaration, there will be less need for a coalition. Presumably, the terms of reference of the international commission will now be revised, and arrangements for the new constitution and electoral law will still be made in accordance with the 1953 agreement.

Road Services Reprieved

Under the new bill published last week-end, British Road Services are to keep a fleet of 7,750 general haulage vehicles for the maintenance of their trade services, as compared with the 2,341 allowed them under the denationalisation act of 1953. With the addition of the special vehicles that are also to be retained as part of public service, this will allow for a B.R.S. fleet of about 9,000. This is double the number Mr. Boyd-Carpenter announced as likely to be retained only a few months ago. The government has had to carry on the nationalised service or face chaos in long-distance goods transport. The bill further proposes to bring to an end next year the levy imposed in 1953 on owners of heavy road vehicles for the purpose of recouping for B.R.S. a part of its losses on the enforced sale of most of its fleet. This levy is at present bringing in over £4 million a year and is expected to have realised about £12½ million by the end of next year. This will not be enough to wipe out the loss on the sale; but it will, of course, go some way to meet it. The government has failed to destroy B.R.S., partly because of the difficulty of finding purchasers to take over, but also because traders and industrialists have shown that they much prefer a continuance of the nationalised trade services to the old and expensive system of small competing units.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Tokyo

Party Mergers

A Correspondent in Japan writes: The party realignment which has just taken place in Japan is of some real consequence. In immediate terms it means that Mr. Hatoyama is no longer the head of a minority Democratic Party and forced to rely on the fractious and uncertain co-operation of the Liberals; he is now backed by a Liberal-Democratic Party, with 299 seats in the lower house, and opposed by a reunited Socialist Party, with 154 seats, and a Communist Party which has only two.

The Socialists were the first off the mark. Their internal dispute over the San Francisco peace treaty, which led to a split in 1951, had begun to lose practical relevance by 1954. And the growing unpopularity of Yoshida's Liberal government during that year began to arouse hopes that, if only they could settle their differences, Socialists in Japan might not be doomed to perpetual opposition. In the February elections the left and right wings fought on a common programme including a promise of eventual reunification. Nevertheless, the long months of committee discussions which finally produced an agreed manifesto showed a wide divergence of views. Were Communists the agents of an imperialist power? How democratic could a Socialist party be if it got power in Japan? How far was "nationalism" a legitimate part of Socialism in the Japanese situation?

Doctrinal differences, or even differences on immediate policy, caused little concern to the advocates of a Conservative merger. When policy discussions began, a mere ten sessions were enough for the formulation of a programme of peace and prosperity, firmly against sin, coyly evasive concerning rearmament and constitutional reform and duly paying tribute to the importance of social security and a certain amount of economic planning. The obstacles lay in long-standing personal and factional animosities and the struggle for party leadership. But the pressure for a Conservative merger was strong enough to overcome them. Business circles, the source of party funds and anxious among other things for the revision of the Gen. MacArthur's labour laws, strongly urged "political stabilisation," a cry which is frequently echoed officially and unofficially in Washington.

The threat presented by the reunited Socialist Party was finally decisive. The long-disputed question of who should be leader of the new party was solved by not having one. A four-man proxy committee leads the party for the time being: Hatoyama remains prime minister and his new cabinet, strengthened by seven former Liberal members, differs from the old only in being even less likely to deviate from the path of co-operation with America and more able to press forward with constitutional revision, electoral reform and "correction of the excesses" of the occupation.

Which side stands to gain most from the new polarisation is not yet clear. The electorate in Japan does not divide altogether neatly along economic class lines. The Conservatives remain strong in rural districts and among the large class of shop-keepers and self-employed workers. But surveys of the voting last February, for instance, show that there was a slightly higher proportion of Socialist voters among white collar than among manual workers. And there is a clear predominance of Socialist voters among those who have received higher education and among the young. It is on the latter, and on growing ties with the trade unions that the Socialist party places its long-term hopes. In the short run it can hope that the expressed determination of the Liberal-Democratic leaders to avoid all taint of the corruption which has afflicted so many Japanese Conservative governments will again prove to be no more than pious intentions. Whereas, hitherto, there was a second "Conservative" party to benefit from government scandals, henceforth the gains will be all the Socialists'.

Paris

Sound, Fury and Statistics

Our Paris Correspondent writes: By holding snap elections in the middle of winter, the government were clearly hoping for a small poll; and the opposition, fearing the worst, were preparing to discredit the results by pointing to the high percentage of abstentions. The events of the last two weeks are forcing both to do some rapid re-thinking. First there was the extraordinary sight of millions of Frenchmen queueing in the rain to register for their votes. Now, to confirm the trend, is another unexpected phenomenon: packed election meetings. For the first time in years, the French people are showing a passionate interest in politics. The French Institute of Public Opinion (IFOP) announces that 88 per cent. of the French intend to vote. It looks as if January 2 may see the highest vote in the history of the Fourth Republic.

Moreover, although there are more candidates than ever before, there is, in reality, less confusion than usual. There are four main blocs: the C.P., the extreme right (Poujardistes), the republican front (Socialists and Mendès-France), and the right-wing front (Pinay, Faure and Bidault). The surprising thing is that, to date, the two extremist parties have not attacked each other—they seem to have formed an unofficial truce—but have concentrated on the centre parties. Gangs of Poujardist roughs, using pre-war Fascist tactics, are systematically breaking up election meetings held by both the Mendèsistes and the supporters of M. Faure. Among the injured have been M. Mitterrand, one of Mendès-France's principal supporters, and M. Tinguy de Pouet, a right-wing M.R.P. leader. But violence does not appear to have stopped ordinary Frenchmen from coming to meetings—on the contrary, it even seems to have encouraged them. And they are showing an unexpected interest in serious political issues. According to an IFOP poll, the three subjects which Frenchmen consider to be the most important are North Africa (25 per cent.), salaries and the cost of living (15 per cent.), and East-West relations (9 per cent.).

There is also, of course, a great deal of feeling against the outgoing deputies, and considerable cynicism about parliamentary institutions. The hecklers who get the biggest cheers at election meetings are those who attack, not any particular party, but the Palais Bourbon itself. Nevertheless, as Malraux has remarked, if the French are anti-parliamentarian they are also anti-Cæsarian. They have no illusions about the next assembly, but neither are they prepared to take very seriously such would-be dictators as Pierre Poujade, especially when, as in his case, they are slightly comic. The latest IFOP poll, announced on Tuesday, confirms this impression. Some 20 per cent. of Frenchmen intend to vote C.P., 22 per cent. for the Faure-Pinay bloc, and 14 per cent. have not made up their minds. M. Poujade and all the other miscellaneous parties can muster only 11 per cent. between them. By far the largest group—33 per cent.—will, according to IFOP, vote for M. Mendès-France and his allies.

Westminster

Ancient Monuments

Seven o'clock is the dead time in the Chamber. It is the hour when most members have gone to dinner, and the few who remain are waiting for the man on his legs to finish so that they themselves can take part in the debate. (You can tell them by their starts and twitches and their lumbar agitation each time the speaker pauses for breath and they think he's about to conclude.)

Seven o'clock is the dead time, and what with the drift of members to their constituencies, to their homes and to places of diversion, the House on Monday was uncommonly bare. But there in the corner seat below the gangway, looking very much like a portrait by Sutherland, was Sir Winston Churchill. The subject was white fish. With his eyes on the middle distance, Churchill, sitting cheek by jowl with Boothby, may well have been contemplating the cycle of destiny which has made them back-benchers again, rather than the prospect for fish. Together in the darkening Chamber, they had the faintly unreal air of Hamlet and his father having a sit-down chat on the battlements about old times.

Not that there's anything ghostly about Boothby. On white fish, Boothby is always ready to pull out his organ stops, and the rolling diapason of his speech on herrings emptied the smoking and tea-rooms, the cafeteria, the terrace-bar and the various other places of refreshment scattered through the Palace of Westminster. By the time he had rollicked to an end, the Chamber was one-third full.

A number of Tories gave notice to their front bench that they were going to abstain. Hitherto, these gestures of revolt have not been taken too seriously by the Tory Chief Whip. After all, it isn't a bad thing—the argument goes—to allow a member to oppose official government policy if his constituency has a special interest in disagreement. But the breakaway from Eccles on education is much more serious than the breakaway from Heathcoat Amory on white fish.

Everyone has a few teachers at the bottom of the garden; not everyone has a trawler. And so, despite the cynicism with which the Tory Party is being managed today, its leadership is waking up to the fact that the silent back-bench revolution has been steadily becoming more coherent and dangerous. The submerged New Men are pressing hard against the Old Dispensation.

There was something symbolic, perhaps, about the debate earlier on that dealt with the maintenance of ancient monuments. Francis-Noel-Baker, Nicolson, John Parker and a number of others showed concern at the decay of certain antiquities; Birch, the Minister of Works, thought the government was preserving its ancient monuments pretty well. That, of course, is the complaint of a large number of lively young Tories whose months-long grumbling at the front bench megaliths has at last reached the ears of the prime minister.

And so, in these days of brilliant frost and mimosa and looming hols., the Tory Party after its [illegible] on of depression, is looking ahead with new hope.

After all, if Crookshank goes, can Spring be far behind?

MAURICE EDELMAN

France's Secret War

LAST October, when the French government decided to recall reservists and mobilise nearly 200,000 men for service in North Africa, French intellectuals formed a Committee Against the War in Algeria. Nothing like it has been seen in Paris since the popular front days of 1936. Over 300 scientists, writers and artists signed a contract "to agitate in every way and in every sphere to bring an end to a war which is a threat to the Republic and a crime against the human race." Not only all France's Nobel Prizewinners, from Mauriac to Martin du Gard, signed the document, but men like Barrault and Cocteau, André Breton and H. G. Clouzot, the Abbé Pierre and Father Avril, and poets, philosophers, and novelists of every school from Sartre to Françoise Sagan. But there was one prominent intellectual who did not sign: Jacques Soustelle, Governor-General of Algeria. On the contrary, he sent the committee a letter, pointing out that they were lending their names to a stupid and futile piece of demagogy. "You begin by assuming there is a war in Algeria," he wrote. "But this is incorrect. There is no war here, but . . . simply a State of Urgency."

Here, indeed, is one of the minor tragedies of Algeria: the way in which M. Soustelle, who went out to Algiers at the beginning of this year a firm anti-colonialist, has been absorbed by "the system." He has assimilated so completely the juridical nuances in which French colonialism excels that it would, in fact, be extremely difficult to convince him, in an intellectual debate, that Algeria is, despite the legal mumbo-jumbo, in a state of war. Doubtless, too, he would deny strenuously that the "Shelter Camps" which have been set up all over the country are, in reality, concentration camps. However, the events of the last few weeks have resolved the debate better than any intellectual arguments.

Last April, the Assembly passed a law proclaiming a State of Urgency in Algeria. Only 40 deputies were present. The vast majority of France's representatives—here, alas, faithfully reflecting public opinion—did not consider it necessary to examine the reasons for a law which abrogated civil liberties in what are, in name at least, three French departments. The law provided for its automatic suspension in the event of a dissolution of parliament, so that when M. Faure signed the election decree on December 2, the State of Urgency came to an end. But the government's legal experts, here, as always, ready to oblige, immediately produced a decree passed in 1895 which provided the governor-general with similar powers. But the real problem was not juridical, but administrative. Of Algeria's 30 deputies, 15 are chosen by an electoral college composed exclusively of Arabs. But, although the government immediately dispatched to Algiers its experts on colonial "elections," it was soon realised that this time it would be impossible to stage-manage even the type of elections to which Algeria has become accustomed. Not even the usual French stooges —the *béni-oui-ouis*—could be persuaded to put up as candidates, and there was no hope of getting any but a tiny minority of the Arab population to come to the polls on January 2. After a week of discussions, the government was finally forced to face facts and suspend the Algerian elections *sine die*. Here, at last, was a public admission that the "rebellion of a handful of outlaws" was nothing more or less than a colonial war.

When the Algerian revolt broke out, on November 1, 1954, it was believed to be the work of a few extremists who were trying, by the only means in their power, to draw public attention to Algeria's problems. Nobody—not even on the left—imagined that it was the beginning of an organised Resistance movement, entirely independent of the Algerian nationalist parties, which would soon spread throughout the country. At the beginning the rebels confined themselves largely to attacks on individual Moslem "collaborators." Then they turned to small detachments of French troops. Next, on August 20, they produced irrefutable evidence that they are capable of large-scale, co-ordinated operations, launched at prearranged times in widely scattered areas. Since then, large, heavily protected French military convoys have been attacked almost daily—often with striking success—and the entire country now lives in an atmosphere of insecurity and fear. An army of over 200,000 men, equipped with modern weapons, has so far failed either to crush the rebellion or to limit its extent. French intelligence knows neither the exact numbers nor the leaders of the rebels. When night falls, the ridges of the Atlas, the villages of the Constantinois and the townships of the Oran become enemy territory. The French army —encumbered rather than aided by its heavy equipment—can do nothing. The roar of jet planes no longer impresses the Arab villagers. Milliards of francs which—only a few months ago —could have changed the impoverished face of Algeria, are today being swallowed up in the cost of a hopeless war.

To put it bluntly, the Algerians have won the first battle. Despite the forecasts of all the French military and civil specialists, they have succeeded in proving that the Resistance can survive, and that it is capable of solving the complex problems of equipment and supplies which, at the outset, appeared insoluble. To this fundamental fact must be added another: in order for such a movement to come into being and expand, the active assistance of the local population is indispensable, and there is no doubt that the rebels enjoy the support of the immense majority of the Algerian population.

But where do their arms come from? And the money? And the supplies? The answer of the French government is simple: from the Arab League and Egypt. But the accusation has been repeatedly and convincingly denied by observers on the spot. Apart from a few deliveries of machine-guns, there is no evidence that the rebels have received war material from abroad. To all intents and purposes, the *maquis* is supplied and armed by the Algerians themselves. Collections are held throughout the country—and in this respect the tactics of individual terrorism have succeeded admirably. The men who, above all, keep the rebel forces in the field are precisely the *béni-oui-ouis*, the Arab caids, officials and landowners who have sold out to the French, and whom the French have enriched. A leading Arab proprietor in Philippeville recently put the issue quite bluntly to the local French *préfet*: "The day you can effectively guarantee my life I'll stop giving money to the *maquis*. But for the moment you are not in a position to do so."

With money forcibly collected from the *béni-oui-ouis*, the rebels are making wholesale purchases of arms. The great majority of weapons —and all the ammunition—are supplied by the French forces. Machine-guns currently fetch £25 on the Algiers "arms black market"; they are sold to Arab dealers by French conscripts. The rebels also get arms by ambushing French convoys. As in the early stages of the Indo-China war, the French are not merely paying for the enemy—but equipping them as well. French troops—the Moroccan *tabors* and locally recruited Algerian *goums*—also supply the *maquis* with day-to-day intelligence reports on troop-movements, convoys and raids. The Arab spies formerly employed by the French police have either all been killed or are too terrified to work. The French forces therefore operate under an enormous disadvantage: they have only the vaguest idea of the rebels' strength and whereabouts, whilst all their own movements are known in advance.

All this bears a frightening resemblance to the Indo-China war. But there is one very important difference. Algeria is only four hours' flying time from Paris, and over a million Frenchmen have lived there for more than a century. This is not an ordinary colonial war, waged 10,000 miles from the metropolis, but an *épreuve de force*, fought on the very frontiers of France itself. For the French colony the war is not a question of a currency traffic in piastres but of life or death—a war for the defence of possessions which they have acquired after many years of hard, pioneering work, and to which they firmly believed they are entitled. To shake these beliefs, to expel these men is an impossible task for the *maquis*. The rebels may be able to hold the French army at bay, but they cannot stage and win a Dien-Bien-Phu in Algeria. If their activities terrorise the *colons*, they also provoke brutal reprisals, from which the Moslem population as a whole suffers. The vicious circle of violence which has brought misery to the *colons* and Arabs alike for the last year can, alas, be prolonged indefinitely.

The crisis in Algeria has now reached such a point that all the old arguments about the juridical validity of the Statute and the merits of the various Algerian parties are obsolete. Today, only an entirely new solution can break the deadlock—and it will have to be a political one, for the *maquis* have succeeded in posing the problem in political terms. But is even a political solution still possible? Robert Barrat, the only journalist who has succeeded in interviewing the leaders of the *maquis*, believes that the answer is yes. "Peace is still possible," he writes. "The Algerians do not want to drive the French out of North Africa. They are still prepared to co-operate—provided such co-operation is sincere and based on equality. However paradoxical it may seem, these men still love France."

This is not really a paradox. The *fellaghas* who have been driven into the mountains in order to defend their liberty from the violence of French colonialism are fully aware that Algeria, with her constantly increasing population, cannot live without France; and they are capable of making the distinction between the *colons* and the great mass of the French people. The soldiers of a French artillery regiment, which had mutinied on receiving order to embark for Algeria, were greeted with cheers and handshakes by Arabs when they finally arrived in Algiers. Algerian intellectuals, whether nationalist or not, have all been educated in French schools; and Robert Barrat found that most of the leaders of the *maquis* spoke French among themselves. They were alarmed, he found, by the growing fanaticism on their own side, and anxious to reach a compromise.

The choice, therefore, lies largely in France's hands. It is a serious choice for, if the Indo-China war was a heavy drain on France's resources and international prestige, the Algerian war may end by removing her for good from the ranks of the great powers. More than this, the youth of France is at stake, for the Indo-Chinese expeditionary force, made up largely of foreign legionaries and colonial troops, cannot be used in Algeria. To an increasing extent the war will

have to be fought by young French conscripts. This is why the vote of January 2 will be decisive for France's future. If the men who led France to the disaster of Dien-Bien-Phu are returned to power for five more years, no solution is possible in Algeria. The obsolete formula, *L'Algérie, c'est la France*, will have to be abandoned and replaced by the new slogan of Mendès-France, *L'Algérie avec la France*. This may not be the most prominent issue in the elections, but it is certainly the most vital. For today, the real line between left and right in France runs through Algeria.

Paris. K. S. KAROL

London Diary

IT depresses me that Hugh Gaitskell should be leader of the Labour Party. I do not worry for its sake—a cause not much on my conscience. Even the most impetuous crown prince comes to resemble his father (or sometimes his grandfather) when he reaches the throne; and I have little doubt that Gaitskell will be indistinguishable from Attlee in a couple of years. If he is not, so much the better. I can think of no case in the last century and a half when a party has suffered from a leader of energy and determination. King Log is the besetting sin of our politics. But my trouble is purely personal. Gaitskell is younger than me by a few weeks. Until now I have been "one of our promising younger historians," casually sowing wild oats and accepting the assurance of others that years of discretion lay ahead of me. Overnight I have become an Elder Statesman. The next Labour prime minister will be my junior; and as I follow the achievements of the Labour Party with rapt attention I shall murmur: "what are the boys up to now?" And yet the miracle does not happen. I still care little about the opinion of others; indeed advancing years have taught me to care less than ever. I still fail to be influenced by leaders in *The Times*. I am uninterested in the marital or extra-marital troubles of the royal family. A radical spirit, I fear, does not diminish with age. Start off with the desire to pull down the mighty from their seats; and it is with you to the end of the chapter. It is all very disappointing. I shall never be knighted; nor even sink into the easy somnolence of a university Chair.

* * *

The good manners of our contemporary world have never been better displayed than in the chorus of admiration which accompanied Attlee into retirement. And no doubt we do well to admire the first Labour prime minister who did not betray his party. Yet ten years ago everyone was saying that there would never be a Conservative government again. Is it solely bad luck that this prophecy proved false? Has the party alone been to blame, and never the leadership? However that may be, it was an ill service for Socialism when Attlee went to the House of Lords. No doubt some Labour men must sacrifice themselves when their government is in power. But that is a very different thing from gratuitously propping up this mouldering anomaly. It is a gigantic red-herring to defend the House of Lords as a revising chamber. It has never revised the work of the Commons to any good purpose. What has it done in the course of the century? It has lost Ireland to the Commonwealth; it has kept hanging; and it has made a present of millions of pounds to speculators in iron and steel shares. If Lord Salisbury wishes to save the House of Lords, he should produce a single instance where it has done good. Did their lordships oppose Munich? Did they voice Keynesian principles to cure the unemployment of the Thirties? The House of Lords once had a useful political function. The sale of honours fed the party funds. But unless the Conservatives still raise money in this way—and they are unlikely to admit it—even this function no longer exists. All that keeps the House of Lords going is snobbery. There is a simple test. Would their lordships be content with their present powers, but no rank or title? Would Lord Salisbury be happy as an unelected Mr. Cecil, M.P.? Even the Labour peers would set up a moan at such a proposal. So let us do it the other way round. Let the dukes and earls keep their titles but lose their powers. They would settle for that without a murmur. But much better throw House and titles alike into the dustbin.

* * *

It is curious that the Christian holiday to retain most vitality is the one with least Christianity about it. Christmas was a pagan festival long before the Church reluctantly took it over; and unlike other holy days it illustrates no point of dogma. The ordinary man believed that Christ was born on that day—a belief for which there is no historical justification. He is just as likely to believe that Boxing Day has also some religious significance. The Scots, being more logical Christians, will have nothing to do with Christmas and stick firmly to the frankly pagan celebration of the New Year. Christmas has always been the great feast of gluttony. But nowadays it is usually given a different justification. With the decay of English cooking, December 25 is the one day in the year when most English people get an enjoyable meal. But since they regard all sensual pleasures as wicked they have to invent some moral excuse; and every childless couple persuade themselves that Christmas is kept going for the sake of the children. In reality children are much less romantic than their parents. They regard Christmas as a device for extracting presents; but they would be just as ready to extract them on any other occasion. It is a matter of indifference to them whether they are burning Guy Fawkes or singing carols; anything to knock about the streets in the dark. The real promoters of Christmas are the shopkeepers. Every cracker symbolises the triumph of advertisement; and the priest who opens his church on Christmas morning is performing without fee the functions that were expected of commercial television.

* * *

In the last resort, we are told, law depends on force. The judge must be able to commit to prison those who defy his writ. This system worked in the days of helpless, bewildered individuals, or even when the Poplar guardians proposed to pay the unemployed a living wage. It has broken down. Public authorities plead that they can obey the law only by spending money which could be better devoted to a social survey of how many expectant mothers take gin with their orange juice; and the judge, thinking of his own rates and taxes, reluctantly acquiesces. The worst of these scandals, to my mind, is the way in which British Railways destroys the canals. A century ago railway companies bought up canals right and left in order to put their competitors out of business. The banks decayed; the locks rotted. Now British Railways claim that it would ruin them to carry out their statutory obligation of keeping the canals in order. Of course there is no traffic on the canals. The railways have seen to that for years past. Since public money must be spent, I would rather revive the canals which are an adornment to the countryside than make arterial roads to destroy what remains of England's beauty. But this is a hopeless cause. The word "beauty" at once brings into action the unholy alliance of the Beaverbrook press and the Labour back-benchers. Which does the good Labour man dislike more—natural beauty or individual freedom? Neck-and-neck I suppose. At the sound of either the Labour M.P., like Goering, reaches for his revolver—except that he has no revolver. How strange and old-fashioned that William Morris imagined both beauty and freedom to have something to do with Socialism.

* * *

We used to be satisfied with the riddles in crackers. Now our wits are sharper or the dreariness of Christmas more intense; and we demand a page of intellectual puzzles from every newspaper, including this journal. I am no good at these tricks. I could never have cracked German ciphers or read Nestor's laundry bills. But I have devised a subject on which to meditate during the long gap between the next *Sunday Pictorial* and Wednesday's *Daily Mirror*. Who are the Seven Great Bores of Christendom? A bore is quite different from a dull man, who is often the most agreeable of companions. A bore must promise something of fascinating interest in the next sentence, a promise never fulfilled. The monster bore must have the special gift of destroying the interest in even the most fascinating subject. I have no hesitation in naming the King of Bores. He is Lord Acton. He has everything. A parade of unnecessary learning in half a dozen languages; a whole shelf-full of unwritten books; and references to historical mysteries which are either no mystery to anyone else or not worth unravelling. Above all the pontifical utterance of high-sounding nothings. "All power corrupts." But it doesn't. There are plenty of uncorrupted and incorruptible engine-drivers. Lack of power corrupts a great deal more. All Acton's sayings are like a moneybox stuffed with dried peas. There is a rattling noise, but it won't buy anything. I have gone no further with my list. But as I plod along in the political novels of Trollope, I am pretty sure who deserves second place. I cannot lay them down. Would to God I had never picked them up.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I notice that income tax demand notes are always addressed to me as "Mr."

When, however, it is a matter of surtax, I am addressed as "Esq."—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (L. Hulbert.)

Everybody celebrates Christmas on December 25, but not everyone believes in Christ the Saviour. So what are the atheists and their disciples celebrating? These folk should lock themselves in their bedrooms on Christmas Day. Why should they have a good time at God's expense?—Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (A. Hammond.)

Incidentally, Frankie Wilson some time later gave up his job at the B.B.C., worth £1,500 a year, plus recording fees, etc., to follow a Christian life.

He said to me—"It may be that God will find for me some use for my trumpet."—*Glasgow Evening Times*. (J. A. Fraser.)

The band of the Manchester Regiment is to give a concert to raise cash for German war crime prisoners just released.—*Sunday Express*. (F. Arnheim.)

Ballade des chefs de gare du temps jadis

The Ministry of Transport has announced the doom of more branch-lines, involving hundreds of village stations.

Where once, upon its single track,
The well-remembered puffer train
Laboriously went there and back
Its funnel will not pant again.
The rails, long rusted by the rain,
We mourn from motor coach and car—
Small wonder that the French explain:
Il est cocu, le chef de gare.

Who came, his wayside shrine to sack—
What Vandal, Saracen or Dane?
What connoisseurs of bric-à-brac
Seek relics of his proud domain?
Vain his chrysanthemums and vain
Those roses, envied from afar—
This bed of nettles makes it plain:
Il est cocu, le chef de gare.

With mildewed tickets in a stack
Of unremunerative bane,
His listless hand has lost its knack
Of hoe and trowel no longer fain.
How can the Ministry refrain
From homage to a fallen star?
Down that deserted station lane
Il est cocu, le chef de gare.

ENVOI

Chef, let us not our tears restrain
Our Proper Stations always are
Symbols of innocence and pain,
Mon petit chou, le chef de gare.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Little Old Reader

THERE are few more diverting, or for that matter more beneficial, experiences in life than being attacked by one of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. This has so far happened to me twice, and I found the second occasion (in connection with an article I wrote in this journal, called "Royal Soap Opera") even more enjoyable than the first. Apart from anything else, the attack ensured for the article in question a far wider circulation than it would otherwise have enjoyed. I am still getting press cuttings and letters from remote parts of the world, the great majority of which express general concurrence with the observations I made. For this, too, I owe Lord Beaverbrook thanks. There is a widespread tendency to believe that whenever his newspapers take up a strong position about anyone or anything the opposite must be true—a consequence, perhaps, of their insistence right up to September, 1939, that there would be no war.

It is, of course, true that the pleasure of being attacked by a Beaverbrook newspaper is greater for those who, like myself, have been employed on one of them. We know just how the job is done. Like gastronomes, we not only savour the delicious flavour of a favourite dish; we are also familiar with the recipe, the components, the cooking. In our mind's eye we see the chosen scribe being briefed, watch him as he thumbs over the envelope of cuttings, enter into his efforts to instil into his writing a malignity which he does not necessarily share; go with him to take the resultant copy to the editor, and then perhaps, if the occasion is considered important enough, hear it read over to Lord Beaverbrook himself, who may be far away—sunning himself in the Midi or the Caribbean—but never so far away that he will overlook short-measure in the presentation of his vendettas.

Lord Beaverbrook is, indeed, expert at conducting vendettas by remote control. The telephone, the telegraph, above all the force of his curious personality, suffice to maintain his direction when his physical presence is lacking. Long years of practice have conditioned those who receive his instructions to follow them almost before they are given. They are his men. Like perfect dancing partners, they know instinctively when the pace or the step is going to be changed. Their very voices are liable to contain an echo of his harsh Canadian accent; their relationship with him is almost mystical in its perfect and complete identification. I once heard one of the more vivacious of his writers asked which section of the vast readership of the Beaverbrook newspapers he particularly aimed at in his articles. "I write," he said majestically (and it seemed to me an historic pronouncement which thoroughly deserved to be recorded) "for one little old reader—Lord Beaverbrook."

The fact is that Lord Beaverbrook has used the powerful publicity machine he has created entirely to pander to his own personal whims. Other press lords have at any rate imagined themselves to be supporting and attacking causes, admiring and denigrating individuals, in the public interest. He is just an imp, always prepared to adjust public positions in the light of private quarrels. Campaigns, when he has conducted them, have been—like Empire Free Trade which entertained the thirties—too nonsensical to merit serious consideration. Leader-writers, however obedient, are hard put to it to construct any sort of meaning out of his meandering and inconsequential directives. The telephone rings, an awed operator says who is there, and the thick, oddly modulated voice launches upon a singular news commentary. Such, at least, was what used to happen in my time. The problem of translating this commentary into ostensible sense seemed at one moment so oppressive that a tape recorder was installed. Thereby our master's words could be listened to again and again in order that their full import (such as it was) might be grasped. Unhappily, the practice was soon abandoned, and the recordings, alas, destroyed. What would I not give to have one of them in my possession now. No party need ever be dull with so bizarre an entertainment available as playing it over would provide.

Just imagine having to advocate, for instance, an ever closer and more impregnable alliance with the United States, and, at the same time, the calling home of British forces in Europe as well as our withdrawal from the United Nations; the refusal of all dollar aid, and, at the same time, "freeing" the pound, the strengthening of the sterling area, and larger purchases in Canada; the abandonment of purchase tax, and, at the same time, higher wages, a check on inflation, and the removal of all controls; the maintenance of our position in the Middle East, Malaya and throughout the colonial territories, and, at the same time, a cut in the period of national service and a large reduction in national expenditure. It is a tough assignment. The wit of Voltaire, the dialectical ingenuity of G. B. Shaw and the wisdom of Aristotle would scarcely, all combined, suffice to extract a cogent argument from propositions so strange and so contradictory. Yet the job is somehow done. The little editorial paragraphs daily appear, still studded with "For why?"—a favourite expression of their only begetter.

If, as I have said, it is decidedly pleasurable to be, even momentarily and unimportantly, attacked by a Beaverbrook newspaper, it is also a comfort. Those who in the past have been similarly attacked have invariably thriven, and vice versa. What did not Stanley Baldwin owe to the Beaverbrook press for the savage onslaughts which maintained him as leader of the Conservative Party when his inadequacy as prime minister was most apparent and his situation most precarious? And Brendan Bracken? After being hailed in the Beaverbrook press as the greatest First Lord of the Admiralty of modern times, he sank, politically speaking, without trace, to emerge in the City as a viscount who had never bothered to take his seat in the House of Lords. Where are those members of parliament and others who earned lavish praise for "speaking up for the Empire"?—all forgotten, whereas Lord Mountbatten, who disposed of an empire, and who has been continuously abused in the Beaverbrook press, goes from strength to strength. It is difficult to think of a single case in which abuse has not proved beneficial and praise ruinous. Lord Beaverbrook's rancour is like the Dead Sea—so salty that, thrown into it, you cannot sink.

By what process is the victim decided upon, and by what means is the order to attack transmitted? These are mysteries. All that can be said is that in the office of a Beaverbrook newspaper it is always known that such a name is better not mentioned, that such another requires adulation, and that in the case of such another obloquy will be rewarding. From tiny gossip spite to editorial fulminations, the whole apparatus is brought into use to give proprietorial satisfaction; kicks, pats on the back and small twists and teases (in the administering of which the pen of Mr. John Gordon is particularly serviceable) faithfully follows the little old reader's latest whims and fancies. "Crossbencher," the "Londoner's Diary" and the "William Hickey" column, each one has its uses and occasions. The baton is lifted, the orchestra strikes up, and, lo! the music thunders or trills or lilts as the conductor wills, each instrument, large and small, noisy and quavering, playing its allotted part.

Journalistically, it must be admitted, it has all been a very great success. However preposterous the contention or unfair the assault, Lord Beaverbrook's journalistic flair was impeccable. Now, even in this respect, there are intimations of failing powers. Perhaps the clearest is the degree to which he himself is nowadays featured in the columns of his own newspapers. The last infirmity of a newspaper proprietor is, surely, to make his own news. Mentions of Lord Beaverbrook have of late been growing ever more frequent in the *Daily Express*, the *Evening Standard* and the *Sunday Express*—references to him laboriously and sometimes fatuously quoted from other newspapers and magazines; extracts from his *Success*, a contemporary Samuel Smiles, which has, it is safe to say, been more serialised, quoted from, commented upon and generally worked over by Lord Beaverbrook's minions than any other work, with the possible exception of the Bible; news stories of sorts fabricated out of some public utterance of his, whose exclusivity no other newspaper is likely

NEXT WEEK

Electioneering with Mendès-France
K. S. KAROL and VICKY

The End of Mr. Butler's Miracle
THOMAS BALOGH

Other contributors include
V. S. PRITCHETT, J. B. PRIESTLEY and HAROLD WILSON

to challenge or begrudge; often told tales of his early experiences in journalism, and so on. The little old reader, it would seem, now not only wants his newspapers written for him, but also wants them written about him. An old man's vanity is overlaying the impishness which, however maliciously and inconsequentially it might express itself, at least had the merit of being journalistically viable.

Another curious enterprise in which he has been engaged is to sponsor and subsequently boost biographical works which involve an account of his own political activities. Thus there was Mr. Frank Owen's Lloyd George and Mr. Robert Blake's Bonar Law, in both of which the Beaverbrook touch is clearly discernable. To have, as it were, his own apologia written by another hand and in the context of another theme was an ingenious but characteristic notion. If he could only acquire the Churchill papers as he did the Lloyd George and Bonar Law ones, the record would be almost watertight. This, however, might be difficult, if not impossible. In any case, there is Mr. Driberg's biographical study coming along shortly—and that has assuredly not been written under Lord Beaverbrook's direction.

How, I have often asked myself, has such a man succeeded in playing such a part in his times? I suppose the short answer is money, in which, however his other loyalties and enthusiasms may have fluctuated, he has consistently believed. Money has been his instrument. It has borne him along. He tells himself constantly in his own newspapers that its pursuit is valid still, and that the old who have become rich inherit the earth. Does he really believe it? It would be a cruel but not inept fate for the little old reader to be taken in at last by what was written to please him.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

On the Knocker

ON the knocker, as dealers in antiques call it, means calling house to house in likely districts, on the chance of picking up something good. A knocker may buy for himself, speculating his own time and money; or he may buy for a firm, working on commission and expenses. All sorts of people are knockers: ex-policemen, postmen, prison warders, retired officers, schoolmasters, ladies up and down the scale who know, or in some cases think they know, old Chelsea when they see it. Some are full-time and some are part-time. Some may not call house-to-house like the professional, but just speculate a little money when a chance comes their way. But all are animated by the desire to make some extra money; and by the thrill of the chase.

The professional knows that it doesn't pay to be mean in business; and, contrary to belief, he will not offer a pound for something that is worth £50. He will make a fair offer having regard to chances of a quick sale or otherwise. If he may have to wait a long time for his profit, then that must be reflected in the offer. But it will be a fair offer having regard to all the circumstances. To act otherwise is foolish, for people talk; and if you tell Mrs. A. that her fine antique carved mahogany mirror is out-dated rubbish and hardly worth taking away, she will in time learn differently. And then it's good-bye to further business in that quarter. But to make a fair offer requires great knowledge and experience. Many amateur knockers get their fingers burnt; and many a quite good "pro" is sometimes content just to get his money back, thankful that it is no worse. Much depends on fashion. Knockers worked hard in the cause of Victorian toilet ware; and I have seen a large store-room filled with domestic china, such as decorated slop-pails. But once the fashion drops, a knocker can hawk a decorated slop-pail all round London and get only a pitying smile for his pains. People may laugh and say: "Oh well, slop-pails aren't genuine antiques." Or they may say: "Try Victorian soap-dishes, which can be used as cigarette boxes." But fashion applies also to those antiques which may be expected to interest the genuine collector. A little while ago the cry went up for Nailsea or Bristol rolling-pins—the kind given by sailors to their sweethearts. So the knocker went out to buy. But he soon found that the real collector of old glass, as distinct from the collector of trifles of the moment, wasn't going to stock his cabinets with 19th-century rolling-pins unless they were decorated with ships or mottoes, and dated.

Another fashion is decanters. I have seen magnificent cut-glass decanters, which I am sure will be worth good money one day, going in the shops for almost nothing; and a knocker who loves old glass, as I do, and finds an early example with shallow cutting may risk his money if he buys. Glass lustres had their buyers; and still have; but the knockers must be careful not to pay too much. At the time of writing, about half-a-crown a lustre is the price. Another fashion is old oil-lamps. These may have a surer market, for they can be wired and fitted with an electric bulb. Personally I hate this. I don't think a fine old oil-lamp, perhaps used in some farmhouse for a century, should be treated in this callous disrespectful way. But there it is. The knocker may have a wife and children to support. So he tours the country districts for oil lamps. A clever knocker will note the run of newly erected electricity poles and rightly surmise that the farmer won't have any further use for his oil-lamp.

Old glass paperweights have been the rage, some of them fetching fantastic prices. But they have to be right ones, made in such famous French factories as Baccarat, Clichy, or St. Louis. A fine Bristol weight is also worth money; but Stourbridge, which turned out the majority of English weights, seems to lack supporters. However, the astute knocker, who loves English glass, may yet have the last word if he invests in "dumps," which are large weights or door-porters. These were made at Stourbridge and St. Helens. I have seen a pair 3 feet high and heavy enough to need a cab to take them away. They were made in green glass with a bubble decoration. The price was £7—little enough compared to £40 or more, which a Baccarat weight will fetch. But nobody had started a fashion in dumps; and I must admit to thinking that a lot of collectors are like sheep. They can see nothing good in a thing until somebody else starts a fashion. To prevent misconception, I had better say that I don't own the particular pair of dumps referred to above. Not having £7 on me, I was beaten to them by another knocker.

Knowledge of antiques is only acquired long and laboriously by actual handling—by the acid test of risking one's own money. An elementary lesson is that six glasses of almost any age or pattern will find a market; five will not. Odd vases are hard to sell. So are imperfect pieces, unless they be very rare. "Original condition," proudly proclaims the big dealer; and the knocker has to turn away and curse his luck if he comes across something with a chip in it. A piece broken and complete, to the last fragment, can be repaired. But at the start of one's career it is best to turn away from anything damaged in the least degree.

A knocker must guard against frauds. There is probably more gold-anchor Chelsea about than was ever turned out by the factory. It helps to examine the fine pieces in museums, and then the shoddy work in reproduction becomes apparent. Another risk is repaired stuff, the repairs being camouflaged in one way or another; or pieces with minute cracks. It always pays to run the ball of one's thumb round the rim of any cup or saucer. Some of the public are quite brazen and will deceive you if they can; but a good knocker will never try to deceive a dealer to whom he sells.

I've had many adventures as a knocker. I was once shown into a darkened room to inspect a table. On the table was a coffin; and in the coffin was an occupant. On another occasion I casually walked under a ladder to inspect the window of a newly opened antique shop. Unfortunately something heavy dropped on my head. The proprietor showed me every consideration. He took me inside to his private room; and while I was recovering I noticed a fine coloured glass vase with overlay decoration. I asked the price.

"Well," said the proprietor, "I didn't really intend to sell it because it's an odd vase. There should of course be two. But you can have it if you like." He mentioned a very moderate price, remarking: "If only I had the other vase the price would be much higher."

No doubt it would, because such fine old Bohemian work isn't come by every day. I bought the one vase and prepared to depart.

"Sorry about the unlucky ladder," said the proprietor. Unlucky? A million-to-one chance had come off. Among my collection of coloured glass, acquired over the years, was the other vase of the pair!

BERNARD J. FARMER

Fleet Street Notebook

THE British press, as we all know, is a wonderful institution: "It is generally agreed" as the Royal Commission hopefully remarked at the end of its deliberations, "to be inferior to none in the world." In its pages, and particularly those of the "quality" press, one may find, to echo the sentiments of the Royal Commission once more, "a clear picture . . . upon which considered judgment on crucial problems can be built up." Who am I to challenge so magisterial a judgment? Yet I have to confess that there are moments when I find myself troubled by odd, disloyal doubts, doubts not dispelled, as they obviously ought to be, even by an earnest study of that most "quality" of all "quality" papers, the great *Times* itself.

Take for instance the odd case of the B.M.A. "Memorandum on Homosexualtiy and Prostitution." A serious subject, "a crucial problem," a simply written report by a responsible committee of medical experts—an obvious case, one might assume, for publishing a "clear picture" of what the committee had to say, suitably condensed, but not differing very much from journal to journal. Anyone who thinks so should follow its varying fortunes at the hands of those who have taken on the job of reporting the news of the day to the British public.

The *Manchester Guardian* treated the memorandum at length under a sober two-column heading at the top of a page, "B.M.A. Finds Good And Bad In Law on Homosexuality" summarising, as one would expect, the main recommendations. Not so, curiously enough, *The Times* which, one used to believe, regarded it as a duty

to give its readers adequate balanced reports. In *The Times* the report got a mere 9½ inches down column (as against more than a column in the *Manchester Guardian*). Of this, moreover, less than 2½ inches at the very end dealt with the memorandum itself. The rest was devoted to the views of one member of the committee (in an appendix) on "the efficacy of religious conversion in combating homosexuality." This appendix not only got nearly three-quarters of the space but also the headlines: "Medical Views on Homosexuality: Value of Religious Conversion." The important fact that the committee had come out against imprisonment for homosexuality as unsuitable, and usually ineffective when not definitely harmful, was not mentioned. Nor was the unanimous recommendation that if the law is relaxed the age of consent should be put at twenty-one. An odd report for a newspaper whose readers are in the habit of assuming that they can treat it as a reliable daily reference library.

The *Daily Telegraph* gave even less space to the memorandum than *The Times*, but at least it managed to cover the main recommendations. It made no reference to the appendix on religious conversion which *The Times* considered so important. In this it saw eye to eye with the *Daily Express*, which had much more exciting hares to chase. "Doctors Make Grave Charges Against Public Men" proclaimed the *Express* across two columns on its front page, underlined for greater emphasis—"A charge that some members of parliament are 'practising homosexuals' is made in a report issued by the British Medical Association to-day." This was based on a sentence in the memorandum not reported in the *Manchester Guardian* or *The Times* or, for that matter, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*, both of which confined themselves to short but balanced summaries of the recommendations, in which, after referring to the social as well as the medical issues involved, the B.M.A. Committee comments: "The existence of practising homosexuals in the church, parliament, civil service, forces, press, radio, stage and other institutions constitutes a special problem."

The only other paper to pick on this for special treatment was the *Daily Mail*. It splashed the story across 5½ columns on its middle news page with the headlines: "B.M.A. spotlights vice problem of the church, parliament, radio . . . The men of sinister loyalties." Although modestly dropping the press out of the headlines the *Mail* included it fairly enough in the body of the story, italicising also, as did the *Express*, a reference to the "alleged tendency" of homosexuals "to place their loyalty to one another above their loyalty to the institution of government they serve. . . ." This the *Manchester Guardian* omitted from its otherwise full report. Possibly it saw no reason to assume that the B.M.A. knew any more about it than anyone else. Although both the *Express* and the *Mail* went after sensation, it is only fair to say that in the body of their reports readers were given a much fuller and fairer picture of the contents of the memorandum than that vouchsafed for some reason to students of *The Times*. What of the tabloids? They both seem to have been overcome by a curious modesty. Opening its story with the somewhat oddly chosen remark that twelve medical experts urged that sex education for children should take its place with training in table manners, the *Mirror* was content to cover the memorandum down column on an inside page. It said nothing about M.P.s. As for the *Daily Sketch*, ever anxious to safeguard its readers from embarrassment, it ignored the report altogether, devoting its space to more important matters such as the fact that Diana Dors had passed her driving test—three-column picture on the front page, news story inside across four columns, interviews with the man who taught her to drive, the man who examined her, her husband, and the clever girl herself.

From all of which it seems plain that although it is no doubt perfectly true that one can get "a clear picture . . . of crucial problems" from the British press one may sometimes have to read rather a lot of newspapers to do it.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Christmas Express

THE Piazza Navona was still shivering with the gold mountain music of the Abruzzi bagpipe players. Rome, with ancient opportunistic arms, welcomed Christmas as it had welcomed circuses, the shops bristled with American Christmas trees, Christmas cards and the neat horrible cheer of sprigged merchandise. The season could not let you alone, it nagged at you with rosy imperative children, and a world made up of fathers and uncles. Where could I go? It was not a season for holiday men, for conjurers, hunters of the sun, it was a season for the long savers. "The thing to do," said a friend of mine, "is to travel by the Christmas train back to London." I went to the Stazione Termini and bought my ticket and my reservations.

That evening, Christmas Eve, was my last party before the return to London. I said goodbye to many acquaintances, and in the evening, among a feast of bells, I sought the house of my host. It was next to the office of a registered magician: it seemed apposite that, close behind the commerce, magic should enter this compulsive holy day. I climbed the stairs to tinkling merriment. The old friends were there. It was Paris, London or New York, but behind the façade was the endless, unstilled voice of the Rome I had known by the accident of moonlight, by turning the wrong street—history hidden behind the café, Cæsar beyond the bus stop.

There were many cocktails, and suddenly it was time to go. Christmas was beginning all over the world, in palaces, houses, huts and tents. The reindeer pattered through the alcohol, and I was led out into the maze of Rome to the station. It was the frontier, it made its own heartaches and celebrations. I entered my carriage and saw it was shared by a woman wearing a fur coat and hat. She smiled a welcome and then looked away. Both my friend and I had had a lot to drink and we talked exuberantly until the train left, then he waved good-bye.

Insulated from life's inexorable continuity, in a wheeled world without roots, I fell asleep and woke up to morning and the woman in the fur hat gazing down at me. "Happy Christmas," I said thickly. "Oh," she said, "I was interested to see how you would wake up. I said to myself that you would be the reserved, ashamed Englishman who would perhaps discuss the weather but never refer to last night. Do you remember what you said?" "Not quite," I said. "You said life was beautiful. Do you still think so?" "Yes," I said. "Good. That is important. It is so difficult to maintain. One has constantly to recreate oneself."

She was Yugoslav and spoke perfect Italian and flawless French. Her home, she confided, was now in Rome. Every Christmas time her family broke up, her son went to Denmark, her husband to Sicily, and herself to Paris. "For the theatres," she said, "to receive the clarity and order of French thought. The Italian language is in the blood, it gets no air, it is made for boasts and song." She ticked off plays in the copy of the *Semaine à Paris* she held on her knee, and then we had Christmas lunch. Sandwiches and cups of coffee from a platform vendor. The sun was shining brilliantly, and I walked along the train, glancing into the compartments where half-curtained feasts were being celebrated. In one sat an old lady, alone, wearing a paper hat and sipping a glass of wine. She stared straight before her and I could see her lips moving.

Further down the train I could hear the sound of musical instruments, and as I got nearer, I could distinguish the notes of Santa Lucia rolling like glassy waves from the wheeze and clatter of the wheels. In a compartment sat four men, a guitarist, a fiddler, an accordion player and a trombonist. As I stopped outside the door, the trombonist put down his instrument and clapped a bottle of Chianti to his lips and then passed it to me. "Happy Natale," he said, "come and sit down." This was their Christmas holiday, he explained. "We do it every year. We have a job in a Rome theatre, but directly they start putting the decorations up, we pack up and set off, doing the round of the Winter Sports hotels. Come on, boys, back to work." He adjusted his dentures, blew through his trombone and a gust of *Come pioveva* danced the dust out of the cushions.

I wandered on towards the wagon-restaurant. It was only half full of travellers, and a small, unattractive boy with spectacles and a squint was walking up and down from table to table exhibiting the Mickey Mouse doll. Everybody in the restaurant turned to the boy like weather-vanes, whether from pity, duty or the day's old yearning in the bones, the children, the absent fathers, the escapers and the self-imprisoned. The waiters beamed around the Yule boy, and an elderly gentleman got down on his hands and knees and performed a grotesque dance with the doll. "Christmas is a trap," said a stout man sitting next to me. "And one cannot escape it even on a train. There is a meaning, of course, but it has escaped me. It is simply a complex banquet, and if you don't go to it, the day is cold and empty." He bent down and patted the child on the head. "It has been so ever since my wife died three years ago. The next time I will travel by air . . ."

After drinking a brandy, I walked back to my compartment. And there, suddenly, through the windows was snow; it was leaping up the hills and feathering the trees, it was lying on the land as bright as hope and the corridors of the train were crowded with young men and women holding skis, their faces glowing with quick gay winter breath. The train stopped, and they flooded out and shouted clear as bells on the edge of the shining early white world.

We reached Bardonecchia and plunged into the Simplon Tunnel. When we came out the sky was grey as cinders and it was pelting with snow. Modane. "France," said the Yugoslav lady. "France." For her the chilly, anonymous frontier-station was already a back-drop at the Comédie Française, the sombre café a prelude to Anouilh. Presiding over the counter was a woman like an old eagle, dripping with courtesy, an adding-machine whirring in her head. "Bon Noël," she said; "there's no day like Christmas Day. And with the snow. Monsieur is English? Ah, then how delightful is the old English Christmas! My friends have tell me . . ." The till clanged, the whistle blew, I could feel the old lady's eyes on the back of my head.

"First there is Tartuffe," said the Yugoslav lady, "and then . . ."

ANTHONY CARSON

Celebrating the Solstice

In a town the season of the solstice isn't so noticeable. There are very few ghosts. But get away from towns, and the long nights are hateful and menacing as they were to our ancestors. The byre with the faintly swinging lamps, the warm breath of the cows and the smell of milk and dung are safe enough. But anything may walk back with you, elbow to elbow, along the road. After Hallowe'en they gather in and wait through the frosts.

No wonder we keep the solstice. No wonder religions get a bit mixed. My Scottish forbears condemned the whole thing as pagan. In my mother's childhood Christmas trees might just be condoned—strictly for the children—in an anglicising Edinburgh drawing-room. But good Free Presbyterian communities ban them to this day. Nor would they dream of singing carols which mention the sacred things of other religions, the holly and the ivy. The pagan underworld is perhaps rather nearer in the north.

Not so long ago, sensible people, not wanting unnecessary bloodshed, could keep the same festival according to two different religions in the same great hall. In Orkney there is only a peep of day at the solstice, and a long night to get through. The boat crews came in from raiding and fishing to the Earl's hall. Here one party would be singing psalms, and maybe the praise in dog Latin of their own saint, Magnus the old Earl—the wonder worker who could dispel leprosy, bring a boat safe past the skerries and even give a run of sixes to a praying and desperate gambler. But in the same hall there would be Yule singing to other Gods and a great passing round of the ale cups, over which brood the eagle of anger but also, very fortunately, the heron of forgetfulness.

There would be gift giving, for, in those days a noble and praiseworthy man was not so much a gatherer of gold as a giver of it; and the lovely stuff, with the sun's own colour in it, was not put away where nobody can see it, but displayed on board and breast. Perhaps the prudent man had a foot in both camps; and why not, indeed? The white Christ meant upright living and a forgiveness of enemies. And what is nobler and more heart-lifting than the moment of reconciliation as between Kari and Flosi, when the blood feud is lifted clean off the heart and the tears of love start into the eyes? But is there not also wisdom in Odin, who hung nine days on the rime-white tree, bitten by the frost, a sacrifice of himself to himself? And is there not strength in Thor, whose lightning crackles across the heavens, who waves the tremendous curtains of the northern lights?

So the prudent man would sing with both camps and probably all would stagger together out of the door and vomit the surplus ale into the cooling snow. The Christians alone would go to the midnight Mass in the chapel with the priest whom they knew, who had fought side by side with them, but was now strangely clean with fair white linen over his fox-skin coat. And so the year would turn and spring come back with the goddess of life who is also Saint Brigit.

Go farther south and there are other overlaps. The Lord of Misrule comes from Rome, from the Saturnalia; but in all religions there is somewhere an upside-downness and an inside-outness. The last shall be first, the dead shall be living. When we dress up at Hallowe'en, we still whiten our faces like the dead and wear the clothes of the other sex. There is a lot to be said for a few days of deliberate misrule, but it won't work in a machine age. Our slaves are the generators and the goods trains, the water mains, the gas works and the internal combustion engines. If they took it into their heads to have a few days off, well, it might do us a world of good. . . . So this bit of the olde tyme Christmas has lapsed.

We do not know how the worshippers of the Unconquered Sun celebrated the solstice, though they certainly did it in a big way in the London garrison, many of whose members, no doubt, were Mithraists. They must have taken the solstice very seriously, feeling the forces of darkness, the serpent and the scorpion, gaining on them. But for them, too, it all came right in the new year. What did they make of it when this other god, the slaves' god who became the emperor's, took over their birthday?

And now? We are about as superstitious a community as they come. Once upon a time there was a short age of reason, when the educated, at least, thought they had nature in control. Newton had plumbed the depths; all laws were there and only waiting to be discovered. For a time this seemed to work out; nothing remained to be afraid of. Then the universe of natural laws began to quiver round the edges; old man Fear stalked back and is now enthroned higher than Selfridge's plaster bell-ringers, higher than the dome of St. Paul's. We are prepared to believe again in luck, the blind Tyche, in wishing wells (or Pools, presided over by the Nixie of the Little Wood), in charms, in Billy Graham, in shutting our eyes and talking about the Kindly Ones. Not the Furies or the angry Thor, but good Father Christmas, giving us all lovely atomic reactors for peaceful use only. Quite, quite safe. A little child could work them. And suppose, on the day of Saturnalia, they decide to take over as Lords of Misrule?

Naomi Mitchison

Good Cheer!

The season is upon and around us, but there is still time to send your friends a handsome gift of good cheer which will last for six months. It costs no more than ten shillings and involves no grappling with brown paper and string. Simply send us the names and addresses with your remittance and we will do the rest.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Bright Green Pastures

We all enjoy telling other people how they ought to spend their money, and I hope that the Trustees of the John Feeney Charitable Trust will forgive me if I yield to temptation and offer a tactless hint. John Feeney, who died fifty years ago, established by his will "a substantial Fund to be used in Birmingham for charitable purposes and for the promotion of the arts"; and some of this money has now been devoted to the commissioning of three new works by British composers, to be introduced by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra under its admirable conductor, Rudolf Schwarz. This was an excellent move, and quite an adventurous one for England, where there is all too little immediate patronage of composers. But caution asserted itself in the choice of the three composers, who are all well established figures in the musical world, and all over fifty. Surely one of the three commissions might have gone to some younger and less eminent man? In conservative circles Edmund Rubbra and Michael Tippett are perhaps regarded as wild young men; and Tippett (whose Piano Concerto is to be played at Birmingham on January 31st, and in London on March 19th) is certainly a bold and uncompromising kind of composer, though his idiom is by no means extreme. Sir Arthur Bliss, however, if I may say so without offence, is the kind of composer who least needs municipal encouragement: a large-scale new work by the Master of the Queen's Musick is always sure of a respectful hearing, and fully capable of establishing itself quickly in the orchestral repertory on its own merits.

Whatever we may think of the merits of Sir Arthur's offering, *Meditations on a Theme by John Blow*, we must allow that he has devised a most unusual and promising scheme. The theme, unheard in its full form until near the end, occurs in one of Blow's verse anthems, a setting of Psalm XXIII, "The Lord is my Shepherd"; and Bliss's work is not only a set of variations on Blow's melody but a musical commentary on the successive images of the Psalmist. Thus, one Meditation describes the still waters, another the playful lambs, another the green pastures; and so on until, by way of a stern Interlude representing the valley of the shadow of death, we reach the triumphant Finale, in which a full-scale presentation of Blow's splendid melody, reinforced by an elaborate descant of florid scale-passages from the violins, serves as a symbol of the soul's salvation from the powers of evil. The scheme is more than ingenious, it is highly imaginative, and one is tempted to speculate how it might have been handled by such a composer as, say, Vaughan Williams or Holst. Bliss has treated it with characteristic vitality and virtuosity, but in a vein which seems wholly extravert and theatrical. We are led through the Psalmist's spiritual landscape as though through a garishly painted sequence of stage sets; the pilgrim's progress is just another ballet scenario, for which the composer has written the same sort of roughly effective musical illustration that we know from *Miracle in the Gorbals* and *Adam Zero*; the pastoral is stage-pastoral, the lambs frisk in a muted pianissimo scherzo, there are bells and other onomatopoeic tinklings, Evil is represented by a conventional trap-door gesture, spiritual confidence is expressed by bluff panache. The music is original, in the sense that it shows everywhere the composer's unmistakable fingerprints; but it is also stale, because even at a first hearing it holds so little surprise. Despite careful performance by an orchestra which showed itself capable of a fine Brahms Third Symphony, the sound at the climaxes was disconcertingly thick and violent. This was due partly to the composer's exuberant scoring, and partly to the undeniably fierce acoustics of the Birmingham Town Hall. At the Festival Hall (on February 13th) the work will have a better chance; in any case, its uninhibited pictorialism and brilliant climax may well make it widely popular.

The Sadler's Wells revival of *The Bartered Bride* proves what hardly needed proving: that Smetana's delightful folk-comedy is better suited to a small popular theatre than to the august spaces of Covent Garden. Owen Brannigan is a really funny Kecal, and his big duet with Thomas Round (an unusually convincing Jenik) brought the house down and richly deserved an encore: how priggish we are nowadays about such things! Patricia Bartlett was the Marenka, and Alexander Gibson conducted; both did well. This production, the annual Sadler's Wells revival of *Hansel and Gretel* and *Let's Make an Opera* at the Court offer between them an unusually extensive choice to a musical parent contemplating his child's first operatic outing.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Grand and the Homely

The Old Vic *Henry V* is a good, straightforward, vigorous production by Michael Benthall, sensibly designed by Audrey Cruddass, with terrible music by Frederick Marshall. Mr. Richard Burton returns to Shakespeare as the young king, with his remarkable powers even further developed and under even better control. Some of the Welshness has gone out of his voice, which I think a pity, and the Olivier mannerisms are still rather marked in his acting. It is, of course, right and proper that young actors should imitate (unconsciously of course) their great elders, just as young writers and painters do; and we should expect to hear (and do indeed hear) the tones of Evans, Thorndike, Olivier and Gielgud from our young players. Mr. John Nevile, who here speaks the Chorus with a proper panache and a nice discretion, finds it easier, I notice, to forget his idol in this kind of part than in an original Gielgud part like Richard II (but I hope he will now set about trying to cure another mannerism, that irritating whistle he makes on all his "s"s); and no doubt Mr. Burton will shed the last of Olivier in a part like Othello which is not tied like Henry V to the Master. But I think he will best do so by not suppressing the Celt in himself.

But I am far from wanting to give the impression that his Henry V is in any sense a pastiche. It is not; it is a creation, a simple, but lively and engaging one. What a propaganda part like Henry requires is a noble temper crossed with the human touch, and Mr. Burton readily supplies both. Above all he is not afraid of the big moment, and rightly, for he can match it when it comes. The Crispian speech, for example, is a grand rhodomontade planned to thrill us to the marrow, and one which, indeed, until very recently when patriotism went out of vogue, never failed to do so. Mr. Burton returned it to its place of pride, with a superbly passionate yet varied delivery, lionlike and unafraid. Altogether his was the performance of the young master he surely is.

The rest of the cast spoke up clearly and well. I put myself behind Mr. Kenneth Tynan in pushing the view that to present the French in the play as a set of inane butterflies is no longer amusing—that sort of thing can only be done once; nor, in my view are the comic Archbishop and the even more comic chaplain, the Bishop of Ely, any better, but these were Mr. Benthall's only lapses; and set to play it like this, the actors succeeded. Indeed, the company played up admirably throughout: while the little Fluellen was the best I have ever seen. Mr. Dudley Jones was allowed to take him absolutely as seriously as Fluellen doubtless took himself, and showed how it pays.

At the Comedy Theatre in Panton Street, now charmingly redecorated, a clever English cast take on the difficult, if not impossible, assignment of trying to bring alive for us a play that is more native to its own soil than most. The American play, *Morning's at Seven* is best compared to Mr. N. C. Hunter's *A Day By The Sea*. It is, that is to say, "out of" Chekhov, an ambling talkative comedy in which the inhabitants of a pair of clapboard houses in a small town sit out on their porches and exhibit their slow, small lives for us: lives that have gradually developed in this inbred backwater individual quirks, small but idiosyncratic like the lines on their respective faces. All of them are in middle age, late or early. Mother-bound in one of the houses, with a father subject to "spells" (during which he absurdly wants the answer to the riddle of the universe), Homer Bolton at forty has been courting Myrtle Brown for eleven years and is brought to the pitch of proposing only by the advent (how *did* it happen?) of a baby. On the other porch his uncle Theodore rocks himself in the sun, and hopes that his wife will never discover his forty-year-old slip-up with the spinster sister-in-law he has harboured ever since.

To make the unimportant seem important, if only for the moment is, since the nineteenth century, accepted as one of the aims of art. The author, Mr. Paul Osborne, almost succeeds in this instance. Indeed, so successfully does he infuse his conversation piece with a compassionate charm and an ironic pity that with an American cast the equivalent of that given to *A Day By The Sea* he might have seemed to have succeeded. Frederick Leister, Marda Vanne, Mona Washbourne, Peter Jones, Charles Heslop, Tucker McGuire, Margaret Vines, in short the whole cast are excellent players exerting all their skill. But they have for this purpose the irremediable disadvantage (except for Miss McGuire) of being English. All that English actors could do for the play they do under Jack Minster's sensitive direction.

T. C. WORSLEY

They Didn't Kill Me

"The Ladykillers," at the Odeon

Successful English comedies are rare as sunstrokes in December. Here is one that promises high. *The Ladykillers* has for its script writer William Rose, who wrote *Genevieve* and brought to it the skimming delight that perhaps only an American can feel for our muffled heroisms. Its director, Alexander Mackendrick, has triumphed with *Whisky Galore* and, rather more off the ground, *The Man in the White Suit*. He has a nice touch of fantasy, not as a rule too heavily weighted with documentary devotion. Then the cast of *The Ladykillers* begins: Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom. . . . What more could one ask? Everything seems set for a comedy with style and swing.

Style is there, almost in excess, with the first shot, with the pursuit of anecdote and an ominous background of railway and deep chords. A little old lady, given to fantasies, has a house with a splendidly melodramatic situation at King's Cross, such as Mr. Brooks would delight to show off in the Sunday Personals; but makes the mistake of advertising for a lodger. In answer, on tiptoe, hat pulled down and collar shrugged up, comes Mr. Guinness, or rather a Guinness ghoul. Daunting indeed is the music that accompanies him, as he allows his shadow to dwell lovingly on a window before coming in; his loony poll, underlined eyes, rodent teeth suggest a Hyde, toned down by Mr. Alistair Sim. There is, after this emphatic beginning, some pleasant fun about the unperturbed old lady, who goes on hammering at pipes to make the water run and takes for granted that pictures will be askew from subsi-

dence, and then her new lodger introduces into the house a string quintet of the kind of thugs who walked into the Opera bowler-hatted in *Le Million*. They put on classical records in an upper room while they discuss plans for robbing a bank van that meets a particular train.

Ironies are piled on. The calm, sweet old thing (played to the life by a very old lady, Miss Katie Johnson) remembers Boccherini, knocks on the door with cups of tea, innocently baffles and infuriates these masqueraders and, of course, finally —the classical reversal—undermines them. They decide to kill her, and draw lots. Change of tone. Their criminality recoils on their own heads, till one by one—having got the swag—they kill off each other, usually by dropping the victim from a height on to a passing goods train. Change of tone again: and this time we have known only too well what was coming. A film with all the talents that began by over-impressing has proved stylish but just a bit of a bore.

Of course, the incidental pleasures, the execution, the partial fulfilment of *The Ladykillers* raise it high above the run of screen comedies. It might easily have out-topped everything but for three faults interlaced: the situation is commonplace, but for plot development; the plot in the end grows tedious; style is aimed at, but the style is uneven and the movement sags. Well, it couldn't have failed better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Homage to Bernhard Berenson

It's depressing. The rain's set in. It's wet but we can't grumble. It's grey and dull. Each of these comments describes the same day from a different point of view: the subjective, the practical, the moralistic and the visual. But all true painters naturally see and feel in a way that is a hundred times more acutely visual and tangible than the last, or indeed any comment, can illustrate. But what they see and feel is—normally—the same as everybody else. To say this is, I realise, platitudinous. But how often it is forgotten. Indeed, has it ever been consistently taken for granted since the sixteenth century?

I spent the other day in the National Gallery looking mainly at the Flemish and Italian Renaissance works. What is it that makes these so fundamentally different from nearly all the works —and especially our own—that have followed them? The question may seem naive. Social and stylistic historians, economists, chemists and psychologists have spent their lives defining and explaining this and many other differences between individual artists, periods and whole cultures. Such research is invaluable. But its complexity often hides from us two simple, very obvious facts. The first is that it is our own culture, not foreign ones, which can teach us the keenest lessons: the culture of individualist humanism which began in Italy in the thirteenth century. And the second fact is that, at least in painting, a fundamental break occurred in this culture two and a half centuries after it began. After the sixteenth century artists were more psychologically profound (Rembrandt), more successfully ambitious (Rubens), more evocative (Claude); but they also lost an ease and a visual directness which precluded all pretension; they lost what Berenson has called "tactile values." After 1600 the great artists, pushed by lonely compulsion, stretch and extend the range of painting, break down its frontiers. Watteau breaks out towards music, Goya towards the stage, Picasso toward pantomime. A few, such as Chardin, Corot, Cézanne, did accept the strictest limitations. But before 1550 every artist did. One of the most important results of this difference is that in the great later forays only genius could triumph: before, even a small talent could give profound pleasure.

I am not advocating a new Pre-Raphaelite movement, nor am I making any qualitative judgment —in the broadest human sense—of the art of the last three and a half centuries. But now when so many artists tend—either in terms of technique or subjective experience—to throw themselves vainly against the frontiers of painting in the hope that they will be able to cut their own unique, individual passes, now when the legitimate territory of painting is hardly defineable, I think it is useful to observe the limitations within which some of the greatest painters of our culture were content to remain.

When one goes into the Renaissance galleries, it is as if one suddenly realised that in all the others one had been suffering from a blurred short-sightedness. And this is not because many of the paintings have been finely cleaned, nor because chiaroscuro was a later convention. It is because every Flemish and Italian Renaissance artist believed that it was his subject itself—not his way of painting it—which had to express the emotions and ideas he intended. This distinction may seem slight but it is critical. Even a highly mannered artist like Tura convinces us that every woman he painted as a madonna actually had doubly sensitive, double-jointed fingers. But a Goya portrait convinces us of Goya's own insight before it convinces us of his sitter's anatomy; because we recognise that Goya's interpretation is convincing, we are convinced by his subject. In front of Renaissance works the exact opposite occurs. After Michelangelo the artist lets us follow him; before, he leads us to the image he has made. It is this difference—the difference between the picture being a starting-off point and a destination—that explains the clarity, the visual definitiveness, the tactile values of Renaissance art. The Renaissance painter limited himself to an exclusive concern with what the spectator could see, as opposed to what he might infer. Compare Titian's *presented* Venus of Urbino of 1538 with his elusive Shepherd and Nymph of thirty years later.

This attitude had several important results. It forbade any attempt at literal naturalism because the only appeal of naturalism is the inference that "it's just life like": it obviously isn't, in fact, like life because the picture is only a static image. It prevented all merely subjective suggestibility. It forced the artist, as far as his knowledge allowed him, to deal simultaneously with all the visual aspects of his subject—colour, light, mass, line, movement, structure, and not, as has increasingly happened since, to concentrate only on one aspect and to infer the others. It allowed him to combine more richly than any later artists have done realism and decoration, observation and formalisation. The idea that they are incompatible is only based on today's assumption that their inferences are incompatible; visually an embroidered surface or drapery, *invented* as the most beautiful mobile architecture ever, can combine with realistic anatomical analysis as naturally as the courtly and physical combine in Shakespeare.

But, above all, the Renaissance artist's attitude made him use to its maximum the most expressive visual form in the world—the human body. Later the nude became an idea—Arcadia or Bohemia. But during the Renaissance every eyelid, breast, wrist, baby's foo., nostril, was a double celebration of fact: the fact of the miraculous structure of the human body and the fact that only through the senses of this body can we apprehend the rest of the visible, tangible world.

This lack of ambiguity is the Renaissance and its superb combination of sensuousness and nobility stemmed from a confidence which cannot be artificially re-created. But when we eventually achieve a confident society again, its art may well have more to do with the Renaissance than with any of the moral or political artistic theories of the nineteenth century. Meanwhile, it is a salutary reminder for us even today that, as Berenson has said so often, so knowledgably and so wisely, the vitality of European art lies in its "tactile values and movement" which are the result of the observation of the "corporeal significance of objects."

JOHN BERGER

HELLENIC CRUISES 1956

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22nd March to 7th April, 1956

visiting SARDINIA, TUNIS, DOUGGA, CARTHAGE, TRIPOLI, SABRATHA, LEPTIS MAGNA, CYRENE, PHAESTOS, KNOSSOS, RHODES, LINDOS, LEROS, PATMOS, ATHENS.

Cruise No. 4

GREECE & TURKEY

5th April to 21st April, 1956

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Cruise No. 5

GREECE, TURKEY AND THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS

21st August to 7th September, 1956.

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GUEST LECTURERS

accompanying the Cruises, who will give lectures on board and at the various sites include:—SIR MAURICE BOWRA, O.LEG.'dH., LI.D., M.A., Warden of Wadham College and former Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. B. L. HALLWARD, ESQ., M.A., Vice-Chancellor of Nottingham University. PROF. R. SYME, M.A., F.B.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford University. RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, D.D., M.A. PROF. T. B. L. WEBSTER, M.A., F.S.A., Professor of Greek, University College, London. PROF. W. D. STANFORD, M.A., Litt. D., Regius Professor of Greek, Dublin University. PROF. H. D. F. KITTO, M.A., F.B.A., Professor of Greek, Bristol University. J. B. WARD-PERKINS, ESQ., M.A., F.B.A. F.S.A., Director of the British School of Archaeology, Rome. DR. D. B. HARDEN, M.A., Ph.D., F.S.A., F.M.A., Keeper, Department of Antiquities, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. F. KINCHIN SMITH, ESQ., M.A., Head of Department of Classics, University of London Institute of Education. DR. C. T. SELTMAN, Litt. D., Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge University, and formerly University Lecturer in Classics. THE REV. GERVASE MATHEW, O.P., M.A., F.S.A., University Lecturer in Byzantine Studies, Oxford. SIR JOHN SHEPPARD, M.B.E., M.A., Litt.D., LI.D., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

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Kiddies' Karnival

THE appropriately cosy English adjective is "christmassy." That is what television programmes have become, more and more, in the last week or two: so many Christmas trees have been decked already, so many carols sung, that it may all be old stuff, even to young children who watch TV a good deal, when Christmas actually comes on Sunday morning. It is natural that commercial programmes, like newspapers, should join in the conspiracy to exploit Christmas in advance in order to boost sales of consumer goods; but it seems a pity that the BBC also should feel obliged to follow this bad modern fashion.

Besides an excess of material drawn from pantomimes and pageants and the special slanting of regular series, a sameness of theme leads to monotony in production techniques, even though some producers and camera teams are more imaginative and expert than others. Apart from news and newsreels, there were nine items in the BBC television programme last Sunday: no fewer than three of these included a good deal of choral singing.

When a choir is in action it is impossible for the cameras to be still; the picture would be intolerably flat. The cameras have to wander around securing close shots of this or that singer or section of singers. If well done, the trick is effective, especially if the singers are young boys or girls. But there are two dangers: elderly ladies and gents are apt to look slightly comic when caught at close quarters earnestly mouthing Bach or Handel or the Christmas equivalent of "hey-nonny-nonny," so that the producer may be tempted to use the cameras satirically (which would be unfair); and, through frequent repetition, the whole kind of thing may become boring.

Similar problems arise in the televising of orchestral music. One solution was developed ingeniously in the BBC's *Concert Hour* last Sunday. Glimpses of puffing and scraping musicians, with bald pates and spectacles or black lace dresses, were cut to a minimum, and straight shots of the soloist, Miss Jacqueline Delman, alternated with fancifully illustrative film: a Khatchaturian polka was matched with the soaring rockets, balloons, and grotesque giant-masks of a carnival; a swift tour through wintry mountain landscape with "Men of Harlech."

Such a technique could hardly be applied to serious music (though it would be interesting to experiment in accompanying it with abstract visual patterns, in the manner of an old Len Lye film). Important concerts must, therefore, surely still be left to sound radio—on which, also, the orchestral balance can be better preserved.

The familiar routine of face-visiting was, however, justifiably used in *God Rest You Merry*, a programme last Sunday night from Chetham's Hospital, Manchester: the quaint, grave ceremonies of the end of term, the homely northern voices of Bluecoat boys announcing the items or reading from the saga of an ancient feud with the Manchester Grammar School, the carols (some of them less hackneyed than usual), at least one voice exceptionally pure and true—all this added up to a good half-hour of TV, with never a dull or static moment. A little boy bore in a big dish, warbling *Caput apri defero*; a dignitary displayed the original MS of John Byrom's Christmas hymn, saying how interesting the boys would find it. So it was, but they looked more interested in the objects piled on the big dish—certainly not boar's head, but what? Cakes? Mince pies? Rissoles? We were never told.

Christmas being "the children's festival," the pianist Liberace deigned on Sunday to "dedicate" his programme to those physically as well as mentally infant. (He is imported on film from America, and is one of ITV's big successes.) So there were toys on his celebrated grand piano—a "lil tiger" belonging to his "lil nephew Freddy in Milwaukee," and a music-box: "When I was a lil boy, my mother used to put me to sleep with the sound of this lil music-box here. . . . It's inspired me to compose a lullaby dedicated to all those cute lil babies who might be watching our programme just now." (Shot of babies sleeping.)

It is impossible, in relatively cool print, to convey the full horror of Liberace's synthetic syrupiness. The studio audience applaud him, presumably when instructed to do so. "Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen," he gushes. "Thank you. I'm glad you liked that." He performs, expertly enough, that corniest of all old pianists' stunts—a popular number as it might have been played by various classical composers, by "Mister Mozart" and by "Show-*pann*." Every American mom is longing to stroke the greasy, roguish curls. The wide, trustful, childlike smile persists even when the voice is in full song. This is just as well: if the smile ever does fade, the viewer's attention is no longer distracted from the calculating Latin eyes.

Everybody by now has praised the BBC's *Othello*. In adding my tribute, I make only two points: the fact that most of this elaborate production was done live shows that it is less necessary to rely on film than current practice would suggest; the fact that many who might have been expected—and did expect—to switch off Shakespeare at once were held, fascinated and overpowered, is the main answer to the demagogic defeatism of "giving the public what it wants."

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

CHURCH AND STATE

SIR,—Much has been said and written about the possible disestablishment of the Church of England, yet I am surprised to see that no one has so far referred in this connection to the growth of new forms of the principal pre-Christian religions; forms, moreover, which are openly approved and sponsored by the government. I refer, of course, to the matriarchal and patriarchal cults of Mrs. Dale and Dan Archer.

A little thought will show that these "everyday stories" have indeed developed many of the characteristics of the two chief and opposing forms of early religion. Consider first the families involved. In that of Mrs. Dale (a programme intended for female adherents), there can be no doubt that women play the leading part; their characters are more varied, and presented with more detail and sympathy. Mrs. Dale herself is the arbiter of her household's destinies. It is not surprising that her husband should be represented as a doctor, for he is in fact the goddess' representative to the outer world, and tribal medicine man. She is, besides, one aspect of the Triple Goddess so earnestly cultivated by Mr. Graves, the other two being portrayed by her mother, Mrs. Freeman, and her newly acquired daughter-in-law, Jenny; it is significant that the recent wedding of the latter was so arranged that Mrs. Dale was responsible for its organisation, and the whole effect was that of receiving a new member into the female regiment.

Among the Archers, on the other hand, men are more important. Dan himself is the exemplar of all father-figures, wise, respected, and generally infallible. (And why "Dan?" Daniel is not a common name, but Dan used to be commonly used as a title indicating respect and honour.) He is, moreover, a farmer—a fertility god concerned with the welfare of crops and beasts. Philip and Jack Archer are subordinate figures with more specialised functions, and Walter Gabriel is worthy of mention as a fine example of the comic old mischief maker, such as Silenus.

The recent demise of Grace Archer is most important as evidence for the religious nature of this saga. Two main interpretations of this event are possible. First, that her wedding in spring and death in autumn were a version of the old belief in a fertility god who is born, matures, and dies yearly, such as Adonis or Thammuz. The hysterical mourning of her death supports this view. Second, that a well-known phenomenon of mythology has occurred, and two similar figures have been merged into one. Grace and Christine Archer were both young, both single, and both horse-owners—women, that is, of the Artemis type. Grace's marriage into the Archer family made this connection even closer, and at the same time destroyed her status as an individual goddess. She was therefore erased, and one virgin huntress of enhanced importance is left.

Several other points could be made, but I feel I have said enough to show that there are indeed two new religions in our midst, which will, at their present rate of progress, soon merit expert study. It would be interesting to hear the opinions of devotees (I cannot claim to be one myself) and also to hear the views of theologists and sociologists. Are they able to forecast the next stage in the development of these superstitious corpora?

DIANA GREGSON

26 Thurlestone Avenue,
Friern Barnet, N.12.

TEACHERS' SALARIES

SIR,—Thank you for your analysis of the quarrel between the teachers and Sir David Eccles in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The extent to which teachers' salaries have lagged behind those of other wage earners is seen by reference to the 1938 salary scales. Assistant teachers in the provinces received a maximum of £366 per annum and a head teacher in a school comparable to mine received £474. London rates were of course higher, as they are today.

If living costs had merely doubled, the present salaries of teachers would still be below the pre-war level in real value. It is apparent that nothing very much short of an increase of £200 on the basic maximum is likely to bring the salary scales up to a level equivalent in value to those of 1938.

Sir David Eccles has suggested that the next step for teachers is to submit a salary claim, which in fact is being done. The rank-and-file of the profession is frankly cynical about its prospects. The negotiators facing the teachers on the Burnham committee are hard-headed local authority men, concerned chiefly with keeping down the rates. To meet the scales agreed at the last N.U.T. conference would cost my own county at least £450,000 per annum on the gross education bill. What hope is there of a reasonably generous settlement with the local authorities?

A. R. G. PRICE

19 Lancaster Avenue,
Hitchin,
Herts.

SIR,—Your attitude on teachers' pay and pensions has pleased many teachers. But their case is stronger than the leading article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would indicate, for the maximum basic income for men is not £890, as you say, but £725. If it were your figure there wouldn't be many grumbles from teachers.

TOM MASON

22 Earlswood Ave.,
Leeds, 8.

[The figure of £725 is correct. The larger sum is what the salary would be if 1945 rates were adjusted to the present level of prices and wages.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CIRCUS CRUELTY

SIR,—I was interested to read the letter from Mr. John Brophy about the training of circus animals. I am not an expert on the subject, but I have worked for more than one circus in the capacity of musician, and I have not observed the practices mentioned by Mr. Broph-

The dogs, ponies and other animals that I have seen being trained were baited with lumps of sugar into learning new routines. The routine having been learnt, the sugar was withdrawn. It is a rather unethical practice, but it does not constitute cruelty.

Circus people usually take a pride in their animals, everything possible being done to keep them in good condition. Whipping and hanging up by the hind legs would not have been regarded by the people I knew as being conducive to good health in an animal.

I do not know how lions, bears and other dangerous animals are trained. The methods may be all that Mr. Brophy suggests. Nor have I read Mr. Court's book. But it seems to me that, once animals are trained every effort is made to keep them happy and contented—except, of course, letting them loose. The real cruelty lies in keeping animals in cages at all.

A view commonly held among circus people is that a frightened animal or a frightened child is useless in the ring. In view of this fact I am inclined to view with scepticism evidence of cruelty in training based on "allegations seen in print." Naturally methods of training are kept secret. So are commercial formulæ.

H. RHODES

St. Annes-on-Sea,
Lancashire.

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—Two statements about Roger Casement in my review of Admiral James's book, *The Eyes of the Navy*, have been widely questioned: (1) that he was a homosexual as proved by his diary; (2) that to some extent he was hanged in consequence, because the underhand publicity given to that diary by Basil Thomson and Admiral Hall spoiled any chance of a reprieve. The Irish, and Irish sympathisers, deny the first point; they say the diary was a forgery, and call Maloney's *The Forged Casement Diaries* (published 19 years ago in Dublin) to witness. Other correspondents, for the good name of England, deny the second: they say the diary was genuine but that its circulation had no influence whatever on Casement's execution, as he was certain to be hanged anyhow. To these I can only reply that H. W. Nevinson and American press correspondents at the time believed the contrary; and that Hall and Thomson, at least, must have had reason to fear that Casement might escape the gallows or they would not have engaged in their dirty work.

But was the homosexual diary a forgery, "the lie we will never be able to overtake," as Mr. Hobson calls it? The answer, I believe, lies at Scotland Yard, where, so I am informed, the original diary or a photostatic copy is still preserved. A neutral handwriting expert could decide in half an hour whether the thing was genuine. Forty years after his death the Casement case still rouses bitter feelings between England and Ireland. Now we have a Welsh Home Secretary as referee. With his permission we could decide once and for all whether the English are quite as black as the Irish paint them.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

BEN-GURION

SIR,—In the masterly delineation of Ben-Gurion, "Prophet in the Wilderness," in your issue of December 10, the following assertion was made: "The head of Histadruth and the head of the Transport and General Workers spoke the same language—or so Ben-Gurion imagined. Of all the bitter draughts Ben-Gurion has had to swallow, including all the betrayals without and within, the worst was the change in Ernest Bevin, when he became Foreign Secretary."

In actual fact, however, this change in Ernest Bevin not only came as no surprise to Ben-Gurion, but was even amply predicted by him. On the eve of the 1945 general election Ben-Gurion, then in London, delivered the following warning at a certain meeting: "We cannot rely on Britain's political parties; when they are in opposition they sympathise with us, when they are in power they give us 'White Papers'. I fear that, whoever happens to be in power in Great Britain at the end of the war, the British, in spite of all their promises, will side with our worst enemies and fight us in Palestine." For these words he was condemned and ostracised by some London Zionists, among them Dr. Chaim Weizmann.

42 Chatsworth Road,
N.W.2.

J. LITVIN

CRIMINAL STATISTICS

SIR,—What Mr. C. H. Rolph had to say about the annual criminal statistics is all too true. But, at the risk of being described as a "social polemicist," I should like to mention something which arises from the statistics about which there can be no ambiguity: it concerns the Probation Service. During the last three years for which figures are available, courts of assize and quarter sessions have made probation orders for every type of offence against the person and against property except murder and endangering life at sea. Such offences include attempted murder, rape, burglary, robbery and malicious wounding.

The higher courts clearly have faith in probation. It is no longer used merely for first, trivial or juvenile offenders. At a time when this country is criticised for clinging to the death penalty, it is right to point out that we lead the way in our use of probation and that many other countries are seeking ways in which they can develop a Probation Service like ours.

2 Hadley Grove,
Barnet, Herts.

F. V. JARVIS

FROM SHOOT TO SHOOT

SIR,—"Round they went, like birds in a cage, from shoot to shoot . . ." So, bravely ignoring the strain on the metaphor, Sir Robert Boothby on Dawson and his friends, in his excellent notice of the book *Geoffrey Dawson and Our Times*.

May I offer, as a small gracenote, my own experience in London just after Munich?

A political innocent and, at the time, in love, I had scarcely bothered about the international situation. I had taken comfort, if at all, from the only daily paper I read . . . *The Times*. Those trenches and shelters they were digging in Hyde Park . . . they couldn't be serious. My friends forming groups of volunteers for Ack Ack, but I was planning a trip to Ireland to shoot snipe. When Chamberlain came back from Munich bringing Peace in Our Time, I was not surprised. The alternative seemed ludicrous. I went to a West End gun shop to buy a crate of cartridges. It must have been the first week in October.

On the gunsmith's desk was a pair of guncases labelled "Sir George Clerk." He had been our Ambassador in Paris until the year before. Address (I see from an old *Who's Who*), the Dorchester Hotel. Clubs: Athenæum, Turf, Beefsteak, Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes.

I asked the gunsmith "Does he shoot a lot?" "Yes, sir, a great deal usually." "What are his guns doing here now?" "We'd put them away for him. Now he's sending round to get them back." "Put them away? But the shooting's just started!" "Yes, sir, but the situation in Europe . . . Sir George didn't think he'd have any use for his guns this year, or for a long time again. Asked us to store them." "Oh . . ."

In that moment the scales fell from my eyes. I suddenly realised that there had been a crisis. It gave me quite a turn.

RICHARD USBORNE

Ellesmere Road,
Weybridge.

WINE DRINKING

SIR,—Your "Symposium on Wine-drinking" reveals much of interest, not least that Karl Marx found pleasure in sugared Port. "Sommelier" goes on to assume that Marx's latter-day followers, the three Communist deputies who took port *before* dinner, were guilty of "true French barbarity." Marx may be forgiven if only because it is likely that his port was adulterated by the shippers of the time before his sugar was added. But times have changed in France as in Portugal: since the last war the French have taken to port as an "apéritif" in a big way (France is now second only to Britain as a market for port) and the "port-hour" before dinner is something of a national institution; in Portugal the shippers no longer adulterate but devote their time to blending wines that suit modern requirements. I can testify from recent experience of tasting dry ports at the English factory in Oporto that there is nothing "barbarous" in this French habit. On the contrary, it is much to be preferred to some of those cheap French "apéritif" concoctions.

No one has a greater interest than the port-shipper in dissociating port in the public mind from right-wing post-prandial orgies (or, indeed, "over-ripe pheasant"). "Sommelier" has performed a public duty in restoring the political balance, but he might do himself a good turn in casting about for a dry port before his dinner.

ATHOLL GALLIFENT

Rua da Quintinha 68,
Lisbon.

CRITICS AND PAINTERS

SIR,—If Mr. Berger is "sick of the critics who do not acknowledge the ideas they borrow," we must surely be among those critics he is sick of. We should like to say why we act in such a way as to make him sick.

We do not understand how it can be possible to be perfectly sure of the sources of the ideas we express when we write. In any fruitful conversation on a serious subject, the interplay of ideas between those who are taking part is highly involved. Indeed, if it is anything of a conversation, the protagonists will find themselves verbalising each other's thoughts—to such an extent that the more worth while the conversation the more difficult it is to know in retrospect who said what.

Even if Mr. Berger has no experience of this phenomenon, he will surely agree that, in any conversation, something said by one person is likely to spark off an idea in another's head which might not otherwise have come to him—at any rate at the time. Consequently if Mr. Berger is going to be so scrupulous as to give credit for remarks made to him, he ought by the same logic to give credit for

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whatever remark of his own may have provoked the other's remark. The point is that no remark is made in a vacuum: every conversation is a context. Therefore to isolate a remark made by somebody and place it within the context of a written and printed review may be anything but a service to accuracy, let alone to the individual quoted.

We note that the sources acknowledged by Mr. Berger in his article on Derrick Greaves are young painters. We have no doubt that in the course of the many visits Mr. Berger pays to the studios of young painters he has made suggestions to them for improving works in progress, suggestions which have been heeded. Is Mr. Berger sickened by the absence of his name in the catalogue when the time comes for the pictures to be exhibited?

Pictures are painted and articles are written during every moment of our lives. It is impossible to unravel the process by which the result was arrived at: besides the process is not of concern to the public. For Mr. Berger to inform his readers that private individuals happened to make to him remarks that he now wants to make in print, is to introduce an atmosphere of local gossip which we would have thought that Mr. Berger of all people would find irrelevant.

Finally, it seems to us that to acknowledge the help of others in the way that Mr. Berger would have us do is not so much a form of self-effacement as a reflection of self-importance. It implies that the reader is more interested in the critic's private comings and goings than in the content of his articles. We for our part act on the assumption that the reader is more interested in ideas than in the identity of the individuals who externalise them.

ANDREW FORGE
DAVID SYLVESTER

GÉRICAULT

SIR,—Alan Bowness and Peter de Francia have both kindly pointed out to me that the Géricault which I described the other week, according to its own inscription, as a scene from the Greek War of Independence, is in fact of a group of *pestiférés* dying of cholera. It was painted between 1817 and 1819, at least two years before the Greek rising, and at the same time as *The Raft of the Medusa*.

Newland, Glos. JOHN BERGER

FIRST INTERNATIONAL

SIR,—I am working on a history of the First International with particular reference to the British Labour Movement. If any of your readers have documents, letters, etc., relating to Cremer, Eccarius, Applegarth or Odger I should be most grateful if they would write to me at the above address.

Rewley House, HENRY COLLINS
Wellington Square, Oxford.

SCOTTISH FICTION

SIR,—The next Frederick Niven Award will be made in 1956 for an outstanding work of fiction written by a Scotsman or Scotswoman in whatever country he or she may live. The prize will consist of the sum of £100. Books for consideration, which must have been published during 1955, should be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary of the International P.E.N. Club, Scottish Centre, 4 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, 3, not later than 31st March, 1956.

A. J. J. RATCLIFF.

BUILDING SOCIETIES

SIR,—May I correct one assertion in the article in your issue of November 5, entitled "The Triumph of the 1922 Committee"?

Building societies certainly do not want to see either the skilled worker or anyone else "forced into house purchase." On the contrary, they believe that every individual should have a free choice between ownership and tenancy and that only those who both wish and can afford to should become home owners.

C. GARRATT-HOLDEN,
Secretary

The Building Societies Association,
14 Park Street.

OUR CHRISTMAS QUIZ

Belles Lettres

1. How many bedrooms with bathrooms had:
(*a*) Brideshead. (*c*) Blandings.
(*b*) Manderley. (*d*) Fawns.
(*e*) White Ladies.

2. The next instalment of Lord Beaverbrook's biography will take the form of a life of
(*a*) Sir Austen Chamberlain. (*e*) Sir Beverley Baxter. (*f*) Lord Mountbatten.
(*b*) Lord ("Willie") Bridgeman. (*g*) Mr. John Gordon. (*h*) Mr. Milton Shulman.
(*c*) Mr. Walter Long.
(*d*) Sir Winston Churchill. (*i*) Sir Robert Boothby.

3. *The 64-dollar U question*
You are giving a literary dinner-party. Seat in order of precedence: Margot Metroland, Uncle Matthew, Sir Magnus Donner, Mrs. Algernon Stitch, Aunt Edna, Horatio Hornblower, Chris Clay and Mr. Norris.

4. Which is your favourite character in fiction: Sir William Haley, Rebecca West, Henry Fairlie, Nicolas Pevsner.

5. With what do you associate the following names?
Pope-Hennessy: (*a*) an old brandy; (*b*) the Society of Jesus; (*c*) restoring antiques.
Wheeler-Bennett: (*a*) a Mark IV tank; (*b*) a bicycle gear; (*c*) a bag of sovereigns.
Trevor-Roper: (*a*) the Vatican; (*b*) a military mackintosh; (*c*) Hitler's valet.
Compton-Burnett: (*a*) a theatrical restaurant; (*b*) *Little Lord Fauntleroy;* (*c*) a well-known cricketing actress.
Leigh Fermor: (*a*) The Troubles; (*b*) a village in the Hardy country; (*c*) a fashionable leg operation.
Noel-Buxton: (*a*) The Severn Bore; (*b*) a castle in Spain; (*c*) Evelyn's Diary.

6. Will the subject of Mr. Aldington's next biography be:
Albert Schweitzer, Baden-Powell, Scott of the Antarctic, or Nurse Cavell?

7. (*a*) Better to serve in heaven than reign in Hell.
(*b*) I am buying, Egypt, buying.
(*c*) Ungrateful land, good-night!
(*d*) And largely trust the fainter hope.
(*e*) How paying is divine Philosophy!

Allot the appropriate quotation to each of the following: Sir Anthony Eden; Colonel Nasser; Kenneth Tynan, Sandy Wilson, and Wolf Mankowitz; Earl Attlee; Victor Gollancz.

What is wrong with this picture?

Current Affairs

1. With the following V.I.P.s:

Sir Kingsley Martin, Bart.	Eammon Andrews, Esq.
Oliver Edwards, O.M.	Dame Agatha Christie.
Randolph Churchill, M.P.	Malcolm Muggeridge, M.V.O.
Sir Webster and Lady Booth.	Brigadier Woodrow Wyatt.
The Marquis of Ebbw Vale.	Professor Plantaganet Somerset Fry.

does the I stand in each case for: (*a*) Impossible; (*b*) Improbable; (*c*) Inconceivable?

2. What did Krushchev say in 1066?

3. State whether the following are alive or dead: Sir John Anderson, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Mr. Godfrey Elton, Sir Walter Citrine, Mr. Richard Law, Commander Fletcher, Sir Samuel Hoare.

We have been lucky enough to find the doodles of the following: J. B. Priestley, Harold Macmillan, Col. Nasser, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Sir Anthony Eden, J. Boyd-Carpenter, Dr. Vivian Fuchs, Aneurin Bevan, R. A. Butler, Sir David Eccles. Which belongs to which?

4. How many more times has Princess Margaret seen *Kismet* than *Hamlet*?

5. Allot marks for charity and tolerance to, and then place in the correct order: (*a*) Lord Goddard; (*b*) Lord Hailsham;

6. If Larry and Binkie, Maggie and Noel are gathered together in one place, are they more likely to be:

(*a*) a TV quiz team?
(*b*) a *Vogue* fashion panel?
(*c*) a sub-committee of Equity?
(*d*) just a bunch of crazy mixed-up kids?

7. Will the next series of Reith lectures be:

(*a*) Dr. Kinsey: Sexual Patterns in English Cricket.
(*b*) Abbé Breuil: English Graffitti—a study in the Whited Sepulchre.

8. "Winchester has succeeded Eton as the breeding-ground of the *élite*." Does this quotation come from:

(*a*) The *Collected Speeches* of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell.
(*b*) *The Structure of Power at the Abdication of Edward VIII*, by Professor A. J. P. Blake-Namier.
(*c*) *The Memoirs of Maudie Littlehampton.*

Maths

1. Supposing a new pocket opera founded on Anstey's *Vice Versa* is produced at the next Aldeburgh Festival. Let it receive 9.999 praise from the critics; and let Mr Peter Pears receive, for his performance as Mr. Bultitude, 9.899 praise. Then calculate to the nearest decimal point how far Mr. Benjamin Britten would consider this fall short of a just appreciation of the opera.

2. Prove that in any critical triangle the square made by the Quadrangle of Downing College is equal to the sum of Russell Square and Gordon Square.

3. Find the H.C.F. of Billy Hill, Billy Graham, Billy Wallace.

4. Let the hearing ability of the average theatre audience be represented by h, and the audibility of the average English actor be represented by -1. Then let the destructive ability of the present-day producer be represented by

$$\frac{\text{crowd-noises and rushing-about}}{\text{behind-kicking}}$$

Express in terms of an algebraical formula the amount of $\frac{cn + ra}{bk}$ that must be exerted by (*a*) Tyrone Guthrie; (*b*) Peter Brook; (*c*) Michael Benthall in order to render a performance of Shakespeare totally inaudible.

5. If a middle-aged intellectual is drifting away from the Left at 2½ knots, with a 4-knot tidal set towards Farm Street, and the prevailing wind in the same direction is at force 4, how long will he take to fetch up as an advertisement for "My *Daily Mail*"?

6. Assuming that the Royal Yacht consumes x gallons of fuel per mile and assuming that a Comet consumes z gallons of high octane fuel per mile, how much fuel is saved by not using the Royal Yacht on a trip to Nigeria?

1984: The Firing Squad

Allot each of the following famous last words:

(*a*) Don't let poor Norah starve!

(*b*) Roll up the map of Bloomsbury; it will not be wanted these ten years!

(*c*) Had I but served my God as I have served my Queen!

(*d*) I feel I could eat one of Fortnum's game-pies!

(*e*) Right, more Right!

to the following famous people!

The Duke of D-cker, H. E. Sir C-r-l C-nn-lly, Space-General A. Koestler, Mgr. St-ph-n Sp-nd-r, Cardinal F-sh-r, Abp. of Westminster (and Canterbury).

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Lichfield Revisited

LITERATURE, as much as history, has its "ifs", its wild and extravagant speculations. To the historian who pictures the consequences of a Persian victory at Salamis or Napoleon triumphant at Waterloo, the critic counters with —"But what if Keats had not died of consumption or Chatterton eaten arsenic, if Kipling had gone back East, Radiguet and Firbank completed average life-spans, 'Saki' not copped that stray bullet in '16?" How many masterpieces might have been lost to the world if Henry James had won success in the theatre or Rimbaud never turned on Greek ("*cette sale langue!*") and been content to rest the prize pupil of Charleville?

It is the same with Johnson. Only suppose that forty-pound legacy of Mrs. Harriotts's had been £200, and that he had completed his terms at Oxford, taken Orders, become a Fellow of Pembroke and lived to edit Macrobius and confound Ruhnken. We can imagine him, a purblind, scrofula-marked panjandrum, the head of a college perhaps, his sloth kept in countenance by his academic dignity, the Ursa Major of some four-bottle-men's high table. What a loss it would have been! True, we might have had the poems, the preface to Shakespeare and any half-dozen of those learned "designs" that Professor Clifford lists in his book*: "a history of criticism from Aristotle to the 18th century, a history of the revival of learning in Europe . . . translations of Herodian, Claudian, Cicero, a 'Hymn to Ignorance', 'the Palace of Sloth—a Vision'". We should certainly have had the *Prayers and Meditations*. But there would have been no Dictionary, no Drury Lane Prologue and no *Lives of the Poets*; as for the essential Johnson, the moralist of *Rasselas*, the *Rambler* and the *Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe*, what was meant for mankind might well have been squandered in the pulpit of a college chapel. The meeting with Boswell in Tom Davies's bookshop would probably never have taken place. That wonderful fount of talk would have played itself out to oblivion in the ears of a set of clerical boobies heavy with port and intolerance. Johnson's universality, his range of moral experience, would have contracted to the dimensions of a common-room.

It is this feeling of a hard inevitable destiny dogging the young Johnson's footsteps and hounding him out of every attempt at a learned refuge from life—Oxford, a parsonage, the school at Edial, Doctors' Commons—that gives an underlying unity of theme to Professor Clifford's brilliant and scholarly book. His study covers the first forty years of Johnson's life—that grim, formative stretch of time that takes up less than a tenth of Boswell's biography. He sets the Lichfield scene for us admirably—the close-woven mesh of gentlefolk and tradesmen's families centred round the Close and the Deanery, the harsh but admirable grammar school, the civic feastings, the bull-baiting on market days, the municipal officers beggaring themselves like Potlatch Indians in the effort to keep up prestige. It is the dour, placid country townscape of the early eighteenth century, with its church bells tolling monotonously over dank meadows, its firesides blazing, its muffin dripping with butter, a world duller and more stifling than Fielding's, its ethos based on *The Whole Duty of Man*, its inhabitants the lard-complexioned tea-swilling eccentrics of *John Buncle* and Graves's *Spiritual Quixote*.

In such a setting Michael Johnson the bookseller stands out all the more effectively. Reserved, intelligent, aspiring, a reading man with no head for business, he and his parchment factory were almost bound to be period casualties. The marriage was ill-assorted: Sarah, a foolish braggingly pretentious woman, alternately spoiled and punished her son; Michael, unbending and insecure, with an inherited flaw of instability and failure in his character, never won Samuel's affection. "I never believed what my father said", Johnson told Boswell long afterwards, "I always thought he spoke *ex officio*, as a priest does". It would be hard to imagine a worse background for a physically handicapped genius.

The pattern was a great deal stranger than the casual reader of Boswell perhaps realises. And herein lies the great advantage of Professor Clifford's book. Boswell's account of Johnson's youth is largely retrospective: the prodigy in petticoats memorising his collects, the gifted schoolboy carried to class on his comrades' shoulders, the desultory omnivorous reader, the precocious hexametrist—it all prepares the ground for the final and indestructible portrait of the conversational sage of Bolt Court. It is Professor Clifford's aim, by contrast, to show us Johnson's life gradually unfolding, as if he were a man unknown to us. At no point in the book is his hero more than the sum of his former acts and attributes. As a result, we see Johnson afresh and in a new dimension, realising even more vividly the extraordinary paradox of his life—that out of so much terror, melancholia and what to many must seem rank superstition, out of so much drabness and poverty, so many checks and setbacks, such crippling physical disabilities, he should have struck out a philosophy of sanity and disenchantment that puts him among the world's supreme moralists.

If a man sets up as a moralist, he must expect to have his credentials challenged. And here Johnson comes to us with full hands; few men have contrived to cram as much human experience into their lives as he. Shakespeare and Fielding apart, no English writer gives us such a sense of having beaten the bounds of the whole estate of man or realised the human condition so completely and with so little apparent self-pity. One point that Professor Clifford's book brings out most clearly in this connection is the true nature of Johnson's marriage with Elizabeth Porter, the plump, affected widow almost twice his age whom he wedded in his middle twenties. In the world's eyes, both then and ever since, it was a grotesque match and Garrick's cruel mimicry of Johnson's bed manners with his adored 'Tetty' has not tended to soften the comic outline. Yet human relationships are no more static than life itself; as Mr. Clifford points out, the marriage had its successive phases. What had begun as a mating of turtle doves ended in bitterness and recrimination as the coy, buxom 'Tetty' of 1735 turned into the dropsical tippling 'Tetty' of 1751. In the same way the Johnson who climbed trees furiously, drank bumpers of spiced port and almost broke a bully's limbs at the theatre grew insensibly into the abstinent moralist who, in a prayer for the New Year, written in old age, implored his Creator to "dispel my terrors" and "compose the diseases of my mind".

The secret of Johnson's eclecticism (an eclecticism that, like his politics and High Churchmanship, belonged to the seventeenth rather than the eighteenth century) lies in his constant endeavour to stave off those black thoughts of hell and extinction that consumed so many hours of his life. Botanising, chemical experiments, mathematical puzzles, legal problems, the composing of sermons and epitaphs, the fashioning of Greek and Latin verses, the jaunts to Oxford, Lichfield, Paris, Bath—it was all part of a lifelong effort to remain busy, to keep his mind on the stretch, to "dispel my terrors". Johnson's insatiable curiosity about practical life derived from the need to stay occupied at all costs. (Hence the "variety of information" on tanning, butchery, the making of whey and so forth that so charmed Boswell in the Hebrides.) He owed his catholic appreciation of character to the same cause. The young Oxonian who, having read Mandeville, was careful ever after to be "very watchful for the stains of original corruption both in himself and others", was addicted all his life to the company of rakes like 'Nealy' Ford, Harry Hervey, Dick Savage and the egregious Boswell himself. For Johnson the whole panorama of life was a *divertissement* to keep out 'the *black dog* that worries you at home". "Had I learnt to fiddle", he told Boswell, "I should have done nothing else. . . ." "His mind", his biographer declares elsewhere,

> resembled that vast amphitheatre, the Coliseum at Rome. In the centre stood his judgement, which like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the *Arena*, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him.

What kind of ethic did Johnson distil from his 'apprehensions'? Reason and virtue, active benevolence and passive resignation, a blend of Christianity and Stoicism, these are the pillars of his teaching. "Nothing", he wrote in the *Rambler* for Christmas Eve 1751,

> can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind; to be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves; to give way to anything but conviction; to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our resolves; is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

In essence his position is the same as Bishop Butler's. "Let us endeavour," he once wrote to a friend, "to see things as they are and then

* *Young Samuel Johnson*. By JAMES L. CLIFFORD. *Heinemann*. 30*s*.

decide whether we ought to complain. Whether to see life as it is will give us much consolation I know not; but the consolation which is drawn from truth, if any there be, is solid and durable."

It is a sombre philosophy, certainly. "His religion", a great Johnsonian scholar has remarked, "is not a religion of joy. He has no message for children or for lovers". Indeed, even allowing for the greater precocity of the 1780s, there is something portentous (though poignant too) about that letter to nine-year-old Hesther Thrale in which he tells the little girl that "Miss Porter has buried her fine black cat. So things come and go. Generations, as Homer says, are but like leaves; and you now see the faded leaves falling about you."

That untiring Francophile, Mr. Cyril Connolly, once compared two prose descriptions of a provincial town, the first by Mr. John Betjeman, the second from La Bruyère's *Caractères*, to illustrate the difference between French Intellect and English Imagination, our "romantic nostalgia" and "tears of homesickness", their "complete refusal to be taken in" by the conventional picture. Professor Clifford leaves Johnson aged 39, ordering himself a scarlet waistcoat for the first night of *Irene*. Let us in our turn leave him eleven years later, giving the lie magnificently to Mr. Connolly. He is describing how he revisited Lichfield in middle-age and writes:

> Last winter I went down to my native town, where I found the streets much narrower and shorter than I thought I had left them, inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I was very little known. My play-fellows were grown old, and forced me to suspect, that I was no longer young. My only remaining friend has changed his principles and was become the tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from whom I expected most, and whom I met with sincere benevolence, has lost the beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gained much of the wisdom of age. I wandered about for five days, and took the first convenient opportunity of returning to a place, where, if there is not much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart.

JOHN RAYMOND

But Once a Year

He must yield up his jovial beard,
The warm red robe and furry boots are taken back.
He walks away, with pay and frailer perquisites,
Toys bent or broken from the bottom of his sack—

To strip anew some long denuded neighbourhood;
So quick to know the worn from the worn-out
And what is trash from what has once been good.
The beard has left an itch, one more to scratch.

The children do not run to him nor run away;
Unnoticed now he goes, one other wind-swept rag
That preaches resurrection to the hopeless bins;
As nameless as the cats who share his bag.

A tinsel strand calls back his cryptic glory—
He wraps it in a paper, reads how foreign Christians cry
(Their shopping done) "Put Christ back into Christmas."
The rag-man hoists his sack, "Make Christmas longer," with a sigh.

D. J. ENRIGHT

B'wanas, Bosses and Beatitudes

Wingate of the Sudan. By SIR RONALD WINGATE. *Murray.* 21*s.*

Kwame Nkrumah. By BANKOLE TIMOTHY. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

The Lion of Judah Hath Prevailed. By CHRISTINE SANDFORD. *Dent.* 18*s.*

It is difficult to imagine a more varied trio than these three African rulers: Wingate, the archetype of the colonial governor; Nkrumah, the scholarship boy who bullied his way to power with the help of Leninism and the methods of a Chicago precinct boss; and Haile Selassie, the descendant of the Queen of Sheba and the last exponent of enlightened despotism. Yet the selection is less arbitrary than it might appear: these men personify the three basic elements in modern Africa—colonialism, democracy and monarchy. A glance at their careers may, I suspect, lead us to do some re-thinking about the respective merits of these abstractions—at least as far as Africa is concerned.

Wingate has been overshadowed by those two other great imperialists, Cromer and Kitchener. In reality, he made a greater contribution to the creation of the modern Sudan than either. He was a scholar and organiser, perhaps the first British official to realise that the key to the Moslem world was to understand its inhabitants and enlist their sympathies. After the catastrophe of Khartum, he set to work to create an intelligence system on the Sudan. As Adjutant-General of the Egyptian army, he trained and disciplined the troops who formed the nucleus of the British army of reconquest. He was the master-mind behind the campaign which led Kitchener 2,000 miles down the Nile to final victory at Omdurman. The Arabs knew him as Abu Hibr—"the father of ink"—because he was always compiling reports, maps and notes for future reference. After the battle of Omdurman, Churchill, visiting staff headquarters, found Kitchener asleep in bed. "A few yards away was Colonel Wingate . . . stretched on the ground, busily writing by an uncertain light. . . ."

In 1899, Wingate succeeded Kitchener as Governor-General of the Sudan. In the next 17 years he succeeded in transforming this vast, barbaric country into a modern state. He created the Sudanese Civil Service, perhaps the finest, and most selfless, body of administrators the Empire has produced. Yet, despite a lifetime of devoted service, he was scandalously treated by the British Government. When the war ended, he was British agent in Cairo. He repeatedly warned the Foreign Office of the urgency of opening negotiations with the Egyptians with a view to ending the protectorate. Curzon, arrogant and almost entirely ignorant of Egyptian affairs, refused even to read his dispatches. In 1919, rioting broke out, as Wingate had prophesied. Lloyd George, forced to choose between discrediting Curzon and replacing Wingate, chose the latter. A Commission of Enquiry later vindicated Wingate completely, but by then it was too late. The Government refused to employ him elsewhere, and he never received the peerage to which he was entitled. A miserable attempt was even made to deprive him of his pension. His son, using his private diaries and letters, has now set the record straight.

Kwame Nkrumah is a horse of a different colour. This extraordinary man who, in the words of a British official, "forced us to set forward the date of Gold Coast independence by at least 10 years," is a symbol of triumphant anti-colonialism. As a promising scholar, he was sent to America to complete his education through the good offices of Dr. Danquah, a leader of the Moderate Nationalists. In America he read Marx, Engels, Lenin and Hegel. When in 1948 Dr. Danquah brought him back to the Gold Coast, as organising secretary of the Nationalists, he soon became impatient with the constitutional methods employed by his mentor. He left the party, founded one of his own, the C.P.P., and acquired a newspaper, which subjected both Dr. Danquah and the British to a campaign of abuse. The C.P.P. was built up on hysterical speeches, uniforms and oaths of allegiance to Nkrumah. Their leader, who describes himself as "an undenominational Christian," composed blasphemous parodies to be sung at party meetings:

> Oh Imperialism, which art in Gold Coast,
> Disgrace is thy name; Thy kingdom go.
> Our will be done in Gold Coast,
> As it is done to you in Britain.
> Give us this day our full self-government. . . .

By such methods Nkrumah has won two elections, and the Gold Coast is shortly to receive complete independence. Since his advent to power he has broken a good many campaign promises, and forfeited the loyalty of some of his more intelligent and able supporters. These charges, I may add, are all made in this book, written—in an English which must be read to be believed—by one of his professed admirers (though he appears to have a grudge against his subject). Nkrumah has been softened by power and he now has to face a formidable and growing opposition. He has had to modify his methods and outlook, and, perhaps, in time he may practise more effectively democratic precepts he proclaims.

With Africa parcelled out between the Wingates and the Nkrumahs, there is little left for the rulers of yesterday. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that His Beatitude Haile Selassie I, Elect of God and King of Kings, has not only preserved but consolidated his power. This biography, written in a chaste Roedean prose by Christine Sandford, provides an explanation. The famous little figure, so touching and harmless in his curious version of British Service Dress, is, in reality, an extremely hard-working, intelligent and far-sighted statesman. From his accession in 1930 he saw that his country's one hope of preserving its independence lay in the League of Nations. The League let him down in 1935, but the propaganda he so skilfully conducted ensured that when the Italian forces surrendered in 1940, British troops not only replaced him on the throne but helped to defeat his more intransigent feudatories. Again, his foresight in sending an Ethiopian battalion to Korea undoubtedly helped to persuade the U.N. to grant him suzerainty over the old Italian colony of Eritrea. Haile Selassie is a progressive and humane man, who has performed roughly the same tasks as Wingate in the Sudan; but he keeps a tight grip on the reins of power. He personally appoints all senior officers, awards prizes in the new colleges he has built, and decides the minutest details of the liturgy. Ethiopia is shortly to receive a constitution; but Haile Selassie himself is drawing it up. When democracy is finally established throughout Africa, there will be no place for the Wingates and Nkrumahs; but it is a fairly safe guess that a descendant of the Queen of Sheba will still be ruling in Addis Ababa.

PAUL JOHNSON

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THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY,

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Waterloo and Earlier

The Capel Letters, 1814-1817. Edited by the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY. *Cape.* 18*s.*

The Gay Delavals. By FRANCIS ASKHAM. *Cape.* 21*s.*

The only satisfactory way of reviewing *The Capel Letters* would be to quote half the book. They strike one with an enchantment verging on incredulity. Can such things be? Is it possible that they have only just seen the light?

I don't really mean to suggest that the volume is a hoax, and Lord Anglesey a somewhat perverse genius. No doubt it all happened as he says. Lady Caroline Paget, sister to Lord Uxbridge, the Waterloo hero, married a younger son of the Earl of Essex, produced a flock of children, nearly all girls, and found herself in permanent and increasing straits owing to her "dear Capel's" gambling-addiction. In England the family had to batten on old Lady Uxbridge, Caroline's mama. But living was cheaper abroad; and at the earliest opportunity—that is to say, in June, 1814—the whole Capel tribe set out for Brussels. There Lady Caroline was soothed by the price of meat, and the young people were in Elysium. Throughout the Hundred Days, they stayed on: again for economy, and because Lady Caroline was expecting her thirteenth child. Next year, for even greater economy, they removed to Switzerland. In 1817 old Lady Uxbridge died, and the letters end. The bulk of them were written by Caroline and her four eldest girls to "dear Mama" and "dear Grandmama."

And though it would certainly have required genius to make them up, one can't help feeling that they are almost too good to be genuine; and what is more, too *right* to be genuine. The layout is almost too central and historical; and we get no fresh angles—everyone says precisely, and indeed miraculously, what they ought to have said. Take this detail, from the eve of Waterloo. The Capels had just moved out of Brussels, to the Château de Walcheuse; and Muzzy writes:

> At present we have 200 Brunswickers quartered here. . . . Their Dismal Black Uniforms and Death's head Caps look so pretty. . . .
>
> Mama says *she* is determined *not* to stir from this place unless for something *very brilliant*. We have not made the same determination & therefore mean to make Papa Chaperone us to a Ball at the Duchess of Richmond in a day or two. . . .

This is nature imitating art; it seems incredible that the writer doesn't *know* about the Brunswickers, and the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

But the correspondence would be enthralling if there were no drama. Because the girls, especially Georgy and Muzzy, are such fun; because the family atmosphere is so effusive; and because of the extraordinary display of *Zeitgeist*. The girls' first jaunt to the battlefield provides a textbook example. "I made them go with the D. of Richmond," wrote Lady Caroline, "for I really thought some dissipation necessary"—and Georgy tells her Grandma how they "scared away thousands of crows and ravens from their ungrateful office": how they visited the scene of their uncle's amputation, and saw the boot, and the blood, and "the pretty neat little garden in the *centre* of which his leg is interred"; and, after dinner, walked to a sequestered grave among trees, fronting "the dreary plains of Waterloo."—Now, we think, she must quote Ossian. And sure enough, she quotes Ossian; and actually goes on to say that the weather was "most propitious," but she would have preferred moonlight.

Georgy thoroughly enjoyed her pre-romanticism, and it is impossible to read this letter without a certain envy. But Harriet, the eldest girl, fell a victim to it. She went half-mad with passion for a world-weary, philandering Dutch baron, and poured out her soul to him in ecstasies of idolatry and despair, which also found their way into the Anglesey papers. In an introduction, Sir Arthur Bryant says that the episode of "Harriet and the Baron" might have come out of *Sense and Sensibility*. Not quite; but it is true that Harriet reminds one of Marianne. It is equally true that in spite of the class difference and effusion of feeling, a great deal in *The Capel Letters* might be raw material for Jane Austen. I have had to skip this side, with its flirtations and gaiety, and its delightful aura of *jeunes filles en fleur*; but it may well be thought the best part. And everyone will have the same, though only a single, grievance against Lord Anglesey. He has tucked his notes away at the end, where they are maddeningly difficult to locate.

In *The Gay Delavals* it is maddeningly difficult to locate anything—except the starting-point, the great house of Seaton Delaval on the coast of Northumberland. This vast, melodramatic semi-ruin was created by Vanbrugh, and may be described as a super-folly with a jinx on it. Its first owner, Captain Francis Delaval, R.N., succeeded to the estate in 1723, and had a family of eight sons and three daughters—all luckless and all "damned." Especially the notorious first-born, Frank Delaval, who lived in a welter of amours, debts, imbecilities and private theatricals, and was a boon companion of Samuel Foote. By 1814 the male Delavals were extinct; and in 1822 the deserted mansion burst into flames. So Mr. Askham can be excused for thinking he had a *beau sujet*. Unluckily he has succumbed to the fallacy that "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat": that disorderly and flamboyant lives call for a disorderly and flamboyant narrative, and that fantastic doings should be fantastically overwritten. One gets attached to him in the end; but one can never really make out what's what, still less what anybody was like. And after all, I have doubts of the subject. Raffishness and horseplay, even with a seasoning of royal dukes, are not necessarily very interesting.

K. JOHN

A Case Prejudged

They Stand Apart. Edited by JUDGE TUDOR REES and H. V. UGILL. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

This book is a collection of essays on homosexuality written by men of different interests and experience, advancing markedly divergent views. Tudor Rees, who writes on Homosexuality and the Law, is a judge. Viscount Hailsham, the author of the chapter on Homosexuality and Society, is a Q.C. Sherman Bailey is a clergyman who has recently published an illuminating book on Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition, of which his essay is largely a summary. Dr. Neustatter is a psychiatrist who discusses the medical questions involved. Dr. Hammelmann is a jurist who summarises the legislation of some European countries in the matter: France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, West Germany, Norway, Denmark and Sweden. Care has been taken to ensure the expression of many points of view and this is the book's chief value.

Apart from this fact, and with the exception of Dr. Hammelmann's survey of foreign law, *They Stand Apart* has little to commend it. Dr. Bailey's historical and ethical discussion is competent and useful; his psychological views much less so. Dr. Neustatter's essay is generally descriptive but notably underplays the role of infantile sexuality in homosexual development and psychoanalytic success in coping with it. Law presents a blurred but not wholly distorted picture of the society under its ægis. The enactments described by Hammelmann present no very clear cultural pattern, but the outstanding fact is "That the present English law and present practice have no rival for severity towards those who happen to come before the courts charged with homosexual conduct in the chief Continental legal systems, except possibly in Western Germany."

This statement is fully born out by the essays of the two eminent English jurists who have contributed to *They Stand Apart*. Judge Tudor Rees is one of its editors, and in the Introduction it is stated that—

> The purpose of this book is to set out quite objectively all relevant factors affecting the problem, bearing in mind that there are two parties to be considered—society and the individual, each having inherent rights which have to be safeguarded.

The meaning of "rights" in this context is not defined, nor is the manner in which the welfare of individuals can be distinguished from those of the group. Later on in the Introduction it is stated that—

> . . . each contributor has been left entirely free to ask whether this thing is a 'cancer of the soul,' a 'twist of the mind,' 'a bodily affliction' or a commixture of them all, perhaps acting and re-acting upon one another. Whatever it may be, there can be no question about the potential evil, in varying degrees, resulting from the practices associated with homosexuality. This applies not only to the perverted, but, and this is by no means the smallest part of the mischief, to those who become the victims—the guilty planting of corruption in the innocent.

In other words, whatever may be the explicit or implicit conclusions drawn by the contributors to this volume—and these vary considerably—the case in the mind of the editors has been prejudged. All homosexuals of whatever age and in whatever circumstances are either "the perverted" or their "victims."

This initial premise appears in the most flamboyant terms in the essays of Judge Tudor Rees and Viscount Hailsham. To the latter, homosexuality presents "a problem of social environment and not of congenital make-up" (p. 21). "The physician or psychiatrist, and, to a lesser extent, the intimate friend and adviser of a homosexual can, at the most, do for him what such a person could equally do for a heterosexual who is faced with some delicate and difficult problem of self-control" (p. 22); "Homosexuality is a proselytising religion, and initiation by an adept is at once the cause and the occasion of the type of fixation which has led to the increase in homosexual practices"; unless "the deliberate communication of homosexuality is discouraged by some means or other" it will involve "a degree of corruption quite beyond the experience of any contemporary civilised society of Christian origins" (p. 23); "homosexuality is, and for fundamentally the same reasons, as much a moral and social issue as heroin addiction" (p. 24); it is "both contagious, incurable and self-perpetuating" but "largely within the province of the freedom of the will" (p. 24). Oddly enough Viscount Hailsham takes a relatively lenient view of fornication, adultery and lesbianism, though it is difficult for anyone who does not begin with his emotional premises to follow him with either a satisfied mind or a quiet Christian conscience.

The disturbing factor common to the essays of both these lawyers is not that their authors' views are out of touch with contemporary knowledge of the subject to an almost incredible degree, nor that they are highly conditioned emotionally, but that they express the convictions of a class of persons holding an incomparable range of arbitrary power over a small but not insignificant minority in our society. A client must lean heavily on his lawyer who, in turn, is confronted with the predilections of the Judge. The difference between the decisions of Judge A and Judge B in cases of this kind exhibit a lack of uniformity and condemnatory force, within the statutes' wide limits, which has few parallels in criminal law. If justice is as important in its application as it is in principle, a review of the present legislation and its exercise would appear imperative.

Homosexuality is an extremely complex problem which can be solved by none of the bland generalisations presented as psychiatric dogmas by these extremely eminent lawyers. For example, "the fear of punishment acts as a powerful deterrent" (p. 20). In fact the opposite is frequently true and punishment is unconsciously invited to relieve unconscious guilt. No one who understands these matters will be impressed by confused gestures toward criminal statistics (cf. pp. 13, 22, 27, 29, 32, 34) nor by

prophecies of the increased popularity and corrosive force of homosexuality upon society. The plain truth is that homosexuality will never become widely popular because, for the vast number of human beings, heterosexuality offers more pleasure, more stable relationships and is infinitely more congenial to their sexual tastes. It may be reasonably doubted whether the bench or the prosecuting counsel's stand affords the most favourable vantage-point for the study of phenomena which are so varied in cause and effect. It might not unreasonably be suggested that reform in the handling of this question should include not only the law but also the mentality of some who practise and administer it.

ROBERT V. CASEY

The Purple Cow

Strange Island. Britain Through Foreign Eyes 1395-1940. Edited by FRANCESCA M. WILSON. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

> I never saw a purple cow,
> I never hope to see one,
> But I can tell you anyhow
> I'd rather see than be one.

So it is with other people's national character. It seems to exist, but who shall describe it? Most of us, at bottom, are glad enough to echo the last line of the song. After all the glimpses by foreign visitors whose reports Miss Wilson has collected, the animal looks more fabulous than ever and generalisations about it still more treacherous.

The observers range from Froissart to Maurois by way of Erasmus, Voltaire, Casanova, Herzen and others less famous but sometimes more acute. Miss Wilson divides them up into periods and prefaces each section with a useful commentary. There is little on which they agree apart from the beauty of English women and the fearlessness of English men; also (for the most part) the hazards of cooking, Sunday observance and the "careless air" natural to islanders who "count those miserable that border upon them. . . ." Even here there is a change from admiration for Elizabethan music and sauces to dismay at the beef, boiled cabbage and yet more beef eaten in "quiet and proud . . . felicity" of later periods. The scientist Cardan, in 1552, thought the English looked and behaved exactly like Italians; M. Maurois saw none but ideal public-school men. In between many visitors heard the roar of the crowd, riotous in playhouses or beery and prostituted in the Haymarket. But the privacies, the things that have to do with feeling rather than with clothes or table-manners, are often lost in the tourist blur.

Oddly, the period that seems most alien is the industrious nineteenth century. Hawthorne, Emerson, Heine and the rest, with their accounts of a "massive materiality" shown both in the inordinate comfort within doors and in the inordinate rush about the streets, sound (as Miss Wilson says) very like our own casual visitors to America. Perhaps the leading industrial nation, whichever it happens to be, looks much the same to outsiders; in fifty years' time we may be bringing back the same clichés from China. In contrast, Sorbière in the seventeenth and Grosley in the eighteenth century sound more familiar. They found

> a natural inclination to laziness . . . and a sort of extravagance of thought, which is to be met with in their best writings . . . yet there is something in them that is great and which they seem to retain from the old Romans.

No steady grind, but instead many ale-breaks, and in between short bursts of "going to it like madmen, and like people enraged at being constrained to labour"; this held true of English lovemaking as well. The work (like the love) was, after all, of good quality; but "the perfection of handicraft work, and the love of liberty . . . contribute equally to render English manufactures very dear."

It is no use trying to draw a moral from so heady and contradictory an assemblage. What we get is neither a full view of our purple cow nor the full image of it in foreign eyes (which was formed as much by the travelling *milord* and his successors as by observation of the stay-at-homes). These visitors were ingenious but most of them hasty; they stuck too closely to London, the upper classes, and the older universities. This is in no way Miss Wilson's fault. Her extracts may not add up; but taken singly they are well chosen, and they make an entertaining book.

JOHN ROSSELLI

A Bewildered Expert

Air Power. By ASHER LEE. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

All technique and expertise is negative: it can be used morally or immorally, intelligently or unintelligently, and this applies to military expertise as much as any other. It must be orientated in the right direction, or it is a pathetic waste of time. There are few sadder monuments to human futility than the serried ranks of expert works on the employment of cavalry which appeared before 1914. Are we doing any better today?

Mr. Lee is one of our leading authorities on air warfare. His books on the Soviet and German Air Forces are standard works, and this new publication lives up in many ways to the high standard which they set. He divides his subject into chapters which deal with the various applications of air power, from strategic bombing to air transport and the various types of close-support for ground and sea forces. In each chapter he traces the history and achievement of air power in this field, and discusses the implications of new developments for the future. He talks interestingly about rockets, discreetly about the actual achievements of strategic bombing; and his recommendations for future organisation, which are rapidly becoming orthodox—integration of the services, direct government control of strategic bombing, flexibility in the use of air power—are forcefully argued. All is presented with the mastery of detail and the clarity of a first-rate staff officer briefing a rather stupid chief.

But there were first-rate staff officers in the cavalry (Haig was one of them) and one wonders whether Mr. Lee's arguments are based on any firmer premises than theirs. In the first place he quite arbitrarily rules out the use of hydrogen bombs. "This book assumes that hydrogen bombs will not be used in war but will contribute largely to keep the peace." A large assumption. Secondly he belittles the destructiveness of atomic bombs to a quite remarkable degree. "Hiroshima and Nagasaki," he writes, "were not valid precedents for assessing the future effectiveness of the atomic bomb." Pre-1914 experts said precisely the same about the massacres of charging cavalry in the Franco-German War. And finally the only type of future warfare for which he seriously assesses the use of air power is an all-out fight between Russia and the West, derived from an old-style thesis of massive retaliation which he confidently propounds in his early chapters. "Communist power-seekers must learn," he says, awfully, "that a terrible hot seat awaits them and their long-suffering peoples if they disturb the peace of the world." What relevance has this today, when Soviet influence is expanding so successfully in India and the Middle East by purely peaceful means? What type of war are we now faced with, and how will air power be used in it? Mr. Lee in fact concludes by admitting that "one is inclined to believe there will be no 'U.S.A. versus U.S.S.R.'"; but after 200 pages devoted to examining the nature of such a war this is a singularly lame conclusion.

Mr. Lee is not the only person to be in this sort of muddle: we all are to a greater or lesser degree. But the whole question of defence and strategy needs thinking out again on a very much deeper level than this.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Rare Excursion

The Dog at Clambercrown. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's word for it is "Excursion." He starts off from a fogbound London: almost doesn't start off, being slumped in a chair of that almost forgotten air-station, Kensington. But mysteriously comes the order to have coach-tickets ready, and an hour later he wings up through fog into the sunshine that is everywhere else. His destination is Geneva-Rome-Sicily.

Those who know Mr. Brooke, however, will expect interior journeys, backslidings, oddity. They will not be disappointed. Part I, which has correlated Jung and East Grinstead, Joyce and Geneva, cuckoo-clocks, plants, Chianti, R.F.C. uniforms, and Homer, ends with the clarion call, Aunt Cock. This mysterious, if stark, relation rules Part I, which is a Proustian flashback to childhood in Kent; the child was precocious in some things—legends and flowers—if backward in others. But this we knew already—those of us, that's to say, who have read Mr. Brooke before. Part III is Sicily, which—in the Army—he had first discovered. Other parts switch us from Taormina to Bedales, Etna to Oxford; and there is a choice double-climax—the legend of Proserpine tracked down to its actual landscape, and weird adventures in the R.A.M.C., in which, two years after the war, the author had re-enlisted, being addicted to the life military.

All this—especially in its later phases—may astonish a new reader. To the adept—to one familiar with *The Military Orchid, A Mine of Serpents,* and *The Goose Cathedral*—it need only be remarked that this latest "excursion" is much like the others—but *more so.* That's to say, the travelling in space is keener, in mind more audacious. I don't know how long Mr. Brooke will continue to keep this up without the spell breaking; but being a Proustian—if not with the master's unrelenting sense of the Whole—no doubt he is inexhaustible, if in short spasms. The chief fault of his method is, not that it tends to repeat or rather vary a pattern, but that some repetition of detail is inescapable. Several times we must return to Bedales, to the explorable confines of Sandgate, to orchids and the barrack room, and even to such minutiæ as railway carriages redolent of boiled egg, and the same tags from Proust and Baudelaire. Yet one doesn't too much mind. In this fourth autobiographical-fictional itinerary, the ways are more enchanted and twisty, the scent keener than ever. Here is a writer possessed by the magic—the voodoo—of childhood; he tracks down his personal legends, and brings off some surprising revelations. He sees to it that his manias shall amuse *us.* He is rich in them, perhaps even puts them on. On sexuality he is in general explicit and in its account of the phases of love *The Dog at Clambercrown* breaks new and difficult ground. The masochist experience that marks a break with innocence is quite remarkably and coolly delineated.

The Dog at Clambercrown will appeal to any reader who enjoys an allusive prose with a mixture of sly malice and bold self-portrayal, and its appreciation of travel is no less subtle than its psychological flavourings. Mr. Brooke is a

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pleasure to read—a highly individual pleasure. Only he could have spun such a legend out of an unvisited and now defunct pub—for such is the "Dog" of the title; and only he, by some strange instinct for comedy, could so tenderly have linked himself with a V.D. unit of the R.A.M.C. in and out of war. Orchids, fireworks, a Gothic boathouse, a hill pub have—to borrow one of his borrowed phrases—provided him with his "crystallisations." What will it be next?

G. W. STONIER

Old Pros

Sincerely Willis Wayde. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Hale.* 15*s.*

Deliverance. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The career of Willis Wayde, which John P. Marquand recounts in his new novel, is the career of a tycoon, who would not all the same recognise himself under that description. And perhaps the question ultimately is, for evaluating the novel, whether the author would either. Willis Wayde is presented as a well-groomed business executive who started near the very bottom and did the admired American thing of finishing near the very top. He arrived at Clyde, the small New England town where the Harcourt mill was situated, at the age of 15, when his father was taken on as chief engineer. His father was another type of admired American, the genius of improvisation who could fix anything with his two hands, and who scorned to exploit the talent; the satisfaction was in fixing things for his own pleasure. Henry Harcourt, the old-world New England owner of the Harcourt belting mill, saw his value; and he also perceived in the 15-year-old son an exceptional talent of a different order, a talent for organisation at the executive level, and he fostered it. So Willis Wayde became the other type of the ideal American, the one who gets on by exploiting his talent to the last ounce.

Mr. Marquand traces the career step by step. The Harcourts with their old-world charm and inherited manners (laid on a bit thick) were the fulcrum of the Wayde career. Wayde got his first chances at the mill, and later, when he had become an independent operator, it was by a cleverly timed amalgamation with the Harcourts that he took his first step in commercial empire-building; and then, so successfully did he manage the joint enterprise, that he was able to sell out at an enormously enhanced price to a yet larger combine of which he was to become President. The Harcourts got a large cut of the price, naturally, and, if the mill, which was to these sentimentalists a family obligation, had to be closed down once it was drained of its patents and processes, well there's no room for sentimentality at the top, is there?

Such is the framework of the story, interestingly and excitingly told. But the point of the novel is, of course, what happens to the soul of Willis Wayde on the way up. In one way you might see it as the steady climb up the graded slopes of gracious living. The progress is from a rented house in a small-town street to a custom-built mansion in "the lovely and gracious suburb of Lake Forest Chicago"; the stages are marked by a Ford, a Buick, a Cadillac, two Cadillacs; by a Brooks Brothers suit, a tuxedo, a Savile Row tailor-made; by a gilt mirror, a Chippendale sideboard, a Georgian *épergne* ("after all antiques and silver are money in the bank"). But looked at in another way, the career is the story of a steady deterioration, of the slow hardening of the moral arteries in the effort to adapt to the needs of a ruthlessly competitive environment. Which way is the author directing our view of it? Well, both ways, it rather seems, and a little too much so. Mr. Marquand is by now an old pro. There is, of course, a lot more to be said for the old pros than highbrow reviewers commonly allow. The old pros know all the tricks, and they know them well enough to keep them out of sight. The machinery works efficiently, with an appearance of effortless ease. In you get on the ground floor, and you know you will be carried smoothly up to the top. And you are. There won't be a hitch. And there isn't. The old pro is adroit at managing the large-scale scene, the full-length portrait, the accumulated details of a life-time. These, you may be sure, will all fall into place neatly, pointedly, significantly, echoing one another at all the dramatic climaxes. If you are not analytically minded, your journey will be so easy you won't even ask where you're going, or stop at the end to enquire where you have been. But if you are, you do begin, in the middle reaches, to stop and wonder.

Mr. Marquand has something of a reputation as a satirist, though only a gentle one, and it is with satire that the old pros tend to get soft. They start off by handling their chosen subject ironically, standing at the proper distance from it. But they end by falling in love with it, or identifying themselves with the very way of life they set out to expose. This was what happened to Galsworthy and his Soames, to Sinclair Lewis and his Babbitt; and now it is lurking as a danger for Mr. Marquand. The machinery is no less efficient, the movement as effortless, but that pleasant tang of irony which made the journey so exhilarating is on the way out; instead there is a cosiness that is on the stuffy side, an indulgence that is distinctly cloying. He doesn't take Willis Wayde at his own valuation, naturally; he kids him along. But kidding along is not the same as satire, it is a step towards the indulgence of affection. In his next novel, unless he pulls himself up, I shall confidently expect Mr. Marquand to have joined the enemy—in the most charmingly amusing and understanding way.

Mr. L. A. G. Strong is also an old pro, though somehow "old hand" seems a more suitable description for him. He is working on an altogether smaller canvas and with altogether subtler means. Yet here, too, readable and lively as the narrative is, and expertly managed, the subtlety falls short of the subject. His protagonist is a murderer, though by a lucky accident a moral, not an actual, murderer. The climax itself—whether this is art or imitation—has all the air of having been taken from some newspaper report of a real event in the 1900s; and the author has re-created the life which led up to it. It may be, of course, that our view of murder as an act is now altogether too sensational, and that Mr. Strong redresses a balance in finding it in the heart of a comparatively uncomplex, unwarped personality. His Georgie had the sort of background which one accepts as conceivable in the case, the love-starved childhood of an illegitimate child brought up in an orphanage. The deprivation might be appalling, leaving deadly wounds unhealed; Mr. Strong makes it seem mild, a long dreariness reasonably well coped with. At sixteen, the boy is put out to work in a shop that is already bankrupt and becomes involved, though again but mildly, with the police. If the incident, coming at that particular age, re-dramatised some infantile experience of gross insecurity, it might have marked a decisive change, a stage of personality deterioration. But it, too, passed off none too badly in the circumstances. So the young man, so far as our view of him goes, arrives at the disastrous marriage with a grasping shrew ripe to be enslaved, but not ready for revolt. Nothing has prepared us for the moment when it comes.

It is the inner conviction of finding his climatic action inevitable that Mr. Strong fails to give us. We must make do instead with a surface convincingness which, because he is an old hand, Mr. Strong abundantly supplies in a style that creates the atmosphere of lower-middle class life vividly and truly. It is quite a lot.

This book, by the way, has the best, the most charmingly designed and most inviting book jacket I have seen on a novel for a long time. It is by Lynton Lamb.

RICHARD LISTER

City Lights

Profiting from Scarcity

A high level of company profits, according to the Tory apologists, is the normal and proper result of vigorous enterprise and efficient management. But is inflation really the best nurse of enterprise and efficiency? The high profits now being reported by steel companies may achieve some modification of the apologetic.

The two latest preliminary announcements follow the fashion set by their predecessors. The Dorman Long statement, it is true, caused a fall in the market price of the shares. The optimists had been looking for an increase in the dividend from 8 to 10 per cent.; in fact, it was no more than maintained at its previous level—not altogether surprisingly, in view of the major development programme on which the company is engaged—and disappointed bulls cut their losses quickly and together. From the point of view of profits, however, Dorman Long has done exceedingly well. They have risen from £6.5m. to £8.8m., or by rather more than one-third. The dividend is now covered more than 7½ times by available earnings, and investors who can afford to wait for a few years have something to look forward to.

The other company, Thomas Firth and John Brown, was resold to the public only in March of this year. The prospectus issued at that time suggested that profits, with the slackening of the rearmament drive, might be slightly lower at around £2m., and that the dividend would be of 8 per cent. The figures published now show that profits have risen sharply to £2.8m., and the 9 per cent. dividend is an improvement on the forecast. A further batch of steel announcements is due very shortly; the market is hoping that they will be as good as those already made.

It was not at all surprising in this context, that the offer for sale of the Ordinary shares of Consett Iron was some 6½ times over-subscribed. Dealings opened, in a muddled sort of way, on Tuesday. The disappointment of the Dorman Long bulls led to a smaller premium than might otherwise have developed. The fog kept brokers away from the Stock Exchange. The timing of the operation meant that allotment letters were held up by the urgent need to deliver Christmas cards, and many applicants did not know until late in the day whether or not they had been successful in the ballot for shares.

* * *

The high profits of the steel companies have been reported at a time when industrial consumers are having to wait as much as six months for deliveries of steel, when heavy imports of steel are continuing to jeopardise the balance of payments and when the pressure of rising costs—not least that of steel—is squeezing the profits of other companies. Inflation has done nothing but good for steel companies, and they have had little need to rush into further expansion schemes. The politicians, who dislike balance of payments crises and feel slightly embarrassed when denationalised companies report doubled profits in the middle of a credit squeeze, are beginning to look round for their hatchets. Some hastening of the expansion programme may emerge—and a revision of the price-fixing mechanism which allows the industry to pass on every increase in costs and encourages it to export at the expense of domestic industry.

All this may seem slightly unfair to the steel magnates. The industry, even if it has not expanded enough has expanded tremendously since the war, and other industries too have been piling up the profits of inflation. But steel is a special case. Not only is it basic, it is still unconsciously regarded, even in the City, as semi-public. One does not denationalise as easily as that.

* * *

The cement industry, still very much a private enterprise, has gone out of its way this week to set a good example to its denationalised colleague.

Until the middle of next year at least there will be no increase in the U.K. price of cement or plasterboard, whatever increases there may be in the industry's costs. The declared object of this decision is to start a snowball and so secure a widespread stabilisation of industrial prices.

With fuel and transport accounting for about half the cost of a bag of cement the risks involved seem to be formidable. They do indeed exist. But it is worth remembering that until last summer's increase—which followed on the increase in the price of coal—cement prices had been unchanged for 18 months. The industry is a tightly organised one: there are only four major firms, and Associated Portland alone accounts for two-thirds of total production. Capital costs are extremely high: the advantages of steady output are keenly felt. The high level of post-war demand outstripped supplies continuously until 1953: over the past five years, Associated's profits have risen by three-quarters, Tunnel's by a half, Rugby's have more than doubled. In the immediate future, as the installation of new capacity indicates, demand for factories and airfields is likely to remain high, while the road programme will absorb any marginal reduction which results from the brake on private housebuilding. At the same time, the prospect for overseas expansion is excellent, not only through direct exports (which remain competitive in spite of high transport costs because of the relatively low price of British cement), but in the establishment of overseas subsidiaries. It is worth remembering, when evaluating the real importance of a six-months' stabilisation of domestic prices, that in 1951—when a break-up was last given—only one quarter of Associated Cement's total profit was derived from the home market.

* * *

The full November trade returns show no very significant change. More coal, wool, fruit and vegetables came in (at higher prices); less metals, vehicles and whisky went out. The deterioration in the trade balance rested on a mixture of seasonal and purely accidental factors. The terms of trade index is now back to the level of November '54. Whether or not it moves against us again depends largely on the progress of the U.S. boom.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,348

Set by Jocelyn Brooke

A correspondent in a contemporary has recently pointed out that Nashe's famous line: "Brightness falls from the air" was in fact a misprint for "Brightness falls from the *hair*." Competitors are invited to contribute three similar glosses (the more disillusioning the better) on famous poems either ancient or modern. Entries by January 3.

Result of No. 1,345

Set by Flavus

Competitors are invited to imagine they are sending a Christmas present of books to a friend beyond the Iron Curtain, and they are asked to compose, in the knowledge it will come under the official eye, a rhymed postcard to let the recipient know what to expect.

Report

The entry was moderate in size and for the most part disappointing in quality. I would plead guilty to a poor idea, but for the few who illuminated it with grace and wit. The trick, I'm sure, was to keep just within the bounds of possibility—however nightmarish. In other words the postcard had to inform the recipient what to expect, contain something which could be expected to offend the authorities and be written in such a way as to escape censure, at least, and, if possible, notice. A secondary matter, of which I took some account in judging, was the actual choice of books sent. But it was all apparently more difficult than it looked, and I am the more grateful, therefore, to Lucy Salter for her charming cryptogram (Graham's practising his putting On the green beyond the garden. . . . etc.); to Silvia Tatham for her ingenuity in working 11 full titles into 11 lines; to A. W. Dicker for his reassuring—but I fear over-trusting—assumption that his friend would retain a detailed memory of *II Timothy*, IV, 13; to June Langfield whose last couplet came very near what was wanted:

> . . . do please lay stress on
> The repression and the donnish malice
> Behind the fantasy in Alice—

and to Apple Tree who scored a perfect bull with one (but, alas, only one) item on his list:

> In *The Quiet American*, fearless Comrade Greene
> Shows up Fascist-clerical tactics in l'Indo-Chine.

The final selection was made from R. A. Peacock, M. Hobman, H. A. C. Evans and Allan M. Laing. Three guineas to the first named; two guineas to M. Hobman, whose final couplet seemed to me just out of the true; one guinea to H. A. C. Evans; and a Happy Christmas (as always) to Allan M. Laing.

Gruggovitch old son! Greetings! I'm sending
You—to read between the lines when journeys curse—
A rattling good biography, some verse
And a novel with a really happy ending.

Waste Land, by poet Eliot, depicts
The idiocy of non-collective farming;
While Kafka's *Trial*—it's honestly alarming—
Shows clearly that the western courts are 'fixed.'

Finally *She was Joseph Stalin's Mistress*,
Deals with the Muse of Progress, Peace and Joy;
I'm sure you'll see the obvious point. Old boy,
Good Luck! And a very happy Soviet Christmas!

R. A. PEACOCK

Dear Comrade, I am sending out a batch of books to you,
For I believed you'd witness like to thoughts you know are true.
There's a most progressive volume by an English tinker, Bunyan,
And exposures of the Yankee gangs by party-lover Runyon.
Orwell's book on farming and Koestler's on the weather
Should greatly help the move to bring our scientists together.
Of Christian superstitions I send book of *Revelations*;
And please pass on *The God That Failed* to church-going relations.
As all your books are capital, I will not send you more,
Knowing our minds will meet as one in 1984.

M. HOBMAN

I send you books, which you'll detest,
From the depraved and vicious West;
Among them you will find some novels
Dealing with life in western hovels;
Some thrillers, too, which prove that crime
Stalks western peoples all the time;
Then in addition, worse and worse,
Some stuff the bourgeois label verse;
And lastly, *English Countryside*
Will give you plenty to deride,
And show you how well off you are
Within the great U.S.S.R.

H. A. C. EVANS

Knowing that freedom flourishes with you
And wider culture is your country's cue,
I shall be sending you by parcel post
Books of the sort I think you'll like the most:
No politics, of course, or subjects tough,
Like economics; but much lighter stuff:
A book of verses, cheerful, yet profound
(Wise sentiments expressed in lovely sound);
Two modern novels and a book on art;
The salty memoirs of a witty tart:
Five books well-packed and carefully addressed,
To sweeten leisure and give labour zest.

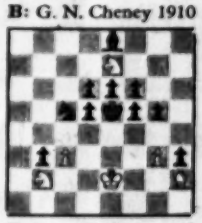
ALLAN M. LAING

The Chess Board

No. 325. Peace Without Delay

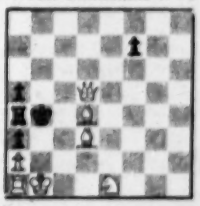
My headline has neither political nor seasonal implications; it merely refers to problem A for which I can dispense with a diagram. Competitors should put up the basic position and then contrive for Black to have a draw by perpetual check on his 3rd move. Naturally, this requires some willing co-operation on both sides, but peace always does. I should add that in the position achieved on his 3rd move Black could also have a speedy win, if he so desired. But he doesn't, he just wants a speedy peace. To offer 5 ladder-points for this may be generous enough, but in lavishing as much as 6 points for B I almost feel like Father Christmas; fittingly so, since this piece, as one can see at first glance, has very seasonal implications. It is called "The Christmas Tree," but in point of fact it is a very simple 3-mover. C is not quite so simple, and to earn their 7 points for this, competitors may well have to work for a minute or two. It is a game-position in which Black announced a very pretty mate in 13 moves, but I will facilitate matters by a useful hint. Competitors would do well to remember the famous Duke of York, for the poor White King, before meeting his doom, should feel rather like the Duke's soldiery in being first marched uphill and then down again. Considering the predilection of many readers for sui-mates and the taste evidently acquired by many others for this delightful type of problem I must never fail to include at least one of them in a holiday number. D is a particularly fine specimen, and since it is by no means easy it is hardly a bargain for 8 points. It is a sui-mate in 8, and for the benefit of the uninitiated I had better explain that White is to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 8 moves.

B: G. N. Cheney 1910



C: Josef Krejcik 1913

D: W. A. Shinkman 1904



E and F—both wins for White—are meant to cater for the more soberly-minded competitors who expect a couple of honest endgame studies even in a holiday number. E is a classic which may well be known to the more erudite competitors, but C, I believe, has not been published yet in the western world. It is quite a beauty, and not at all easy. Even so, in offering 9 and 10 points for these two pieces I am guided by the usual inflationary tendency of holiday-rating as well as my desire to reach a grand total of 45 ladder-points to be garnered this week-end.

E: Henri Rinck 1931

F: W. A. Korolkov 1951

Usual prizes. Entries by January 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 322. Set December 3

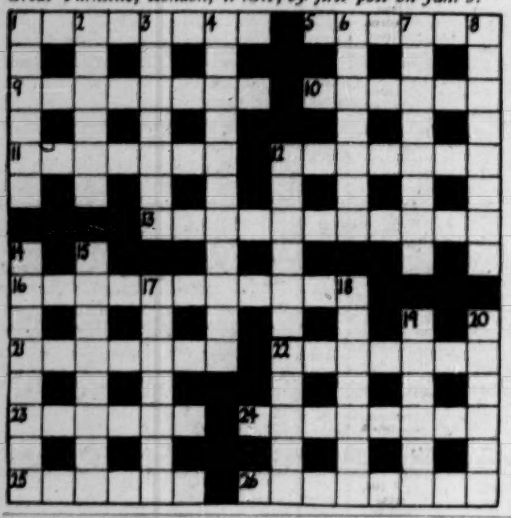
A: (1) B-Kt7 ch, R x B, (2) R-B8 ch, R-Kt1, (3) Q-Kt4, etc.
B: (1) K-K7, P-Kt4, (2) K-Q6, P-Kt5, (3) P-K7, B-Kt4, (4) K-B5!, B-Kt1, (5) K-Q4, etc.
C: (1) P-Kt6, P x P, (2) P-B6!, P-Q5 (3) R-KR1!, R-B4 ch, (4) K-Kt1 and either stalemate or perpetual.
if (1) . . . P-Q5, (2) P-Kt7, R x P ch, (3) K-Kt1, R-Kt4 ch, (4) K-Bj, R x P, (5) R-K8 ch, K-R2, (6) R-R8 ch, etc.

A good many stumped by C. Prizes shared by C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 184

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 184, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 3.



ACROSS

1. The friar has broken the china cup (8).
5. One out of nine in the advertisement was entertaining (6).
9. Friendship puts an end to disaster (8).
10. Modern machines in quiet country ways (6).
11. Prince of the theatre (7).
12. Flower for Jim to get out of the earth (7).
13. To play with her and me at random in the battlefield (11).
16. As a Scot perhaps I have trouble returning a political philosopher (11).
21. Held firmly and cut off (7).
22. Pianist starts with a piece for himself (7).
23. Labour reverse with a large number voting (6).
24. Standard periods for charitable occasions (8).
25. Oriental flower or season (6).
26. Cuts off and potentially I.T.A. loses (8).

DOWN

1. The weed gets a duck in the cricket club and the game is up (6).
2. Men with dangerous jobs have good destinies (6).
3. Where Arthur was to be found spoiling a meal in a little house (7).
4. Having blank pages it may be finally revealed (11).
6. Drains work for an effeminate fellow (7).
7. They mark time but never go slow (8).
8. East Anglian town always cut off (8).
12. Mixes drinks for charitable occasions (6, 5).
14. Am I to make a long distance communication friendly? (8).
15. Without his pains the hero would nevertheless be sick (8).
17. Be at large under the devil and get better (7).
18. The association of that fellow with a girl is against the law (7).
19. One policeman is to function as the result of a collision (6).
20. Song is converted into knowledge according to some mystics (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 182

S	L	O	W	M	O	T	I	O	N	S	C	U	M	
A		U		O		E		C			O		A	
P	A	S	S	I	O	N	A	T	E		A	M	O	K
S		E		R		D		O		A		M		E
			M	A	J	O	R	B	A	R	B	A	R	A
S		F		S		N		E		I		N		M
M	A	R	S	H	E	S		R	E	S	I	D	U	E
A		I		E						T		E		N
L	O	T	H	A	I	R		S	C	O	U	R	E	D
L		I		R		E		K		P		S		S
W	E	L	T	E	R	W	E	I	G	H	T			
O		L		R		P		A		L		A		
R	O	A	D		C	O	T	T	O	N	T	A	I	L
L		R			T		O		E		K		P	
D	A	Y	S		T	E	N	N	I	S	N	E	T	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 182

C. S. Wilson (Nottingham), H. G. Hall (London, W.12), Miss O. Scholes (St. Mawes).

PERSONAL

IDEAL Xmas gift young music-lover forming taste; 87 old-type records, classical, symphonic and some vocal masterpieces. Majority virtually unused. Inclusive 4 cases. Lists sent £15/near offer. Tel. PAL. 0148.

TALL personable Pakistani Muslim, 30, Public Schl., Barrister-at-Law, sks. intg. & remun. appoint. in Gt. Britain or Europe. Write Airmail: Box 503, Eldoret, Kenya.

JOURNALIST sks. 3 mnths. independent work. Rewrite? Gd. typist. Box 1910.

ROME. Young English couple let large bed-sitting room with terrace in luxury penthouse flat in good residential district. Meals avail. if reqd. Details from Box 1779.

PLEAS. rm & board offd. to girl student in Golders Grn. home exch. help hswk. & babysitting. No colour bar. SPE. 2843.

YOUNG man (26) wd. exch. week-ends in old farmhouse with other in London, B'mouth or other interesting town. Box 1777.

MAGAZINE, new, pictorial, needs hard-working young photographers, artists & feature writers. Write first. Box 1754.

INDIA overland March, 1956: seats vacant mixed group. S.a.e. Box 1873.

CONTACT lenses. Attractive wearer required for Commercial TV feature. Age 20-30. Box 1823.

FREE flat over stables and garden for 2 or 3 hours work daily. Macdonell, Lushill House, Highworth, Wilts.

ARTIST/wife (Cornwall) want lock-up room London for infrequent visits. Small monthly/quarterly/yearly rent paid. Box 1824.

THE complete contents of a modern house or flat required, cash transaction. 'Phone BAY. 7224.

GUITAR-Players (incl. beginners) are invited to weekend course, Jan. 13, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

HEATHERLEY Film Training Unit is enrolling for New Term now. Professional training in the art and technique of Film Production. Brochure: Director, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

AIR Holidays abroad at prices you can afford. Italian Riviera. A fortnight at a small resort on the coast near Alassio. Air to Nice 36½gns. Southern Spain. Air to Madrid and a fortnight's tour, visiting Seville, Granada, Malaga, Cordoba, etc., 45½gns. The Tyrol. A fortnight in a newly built hotel in a typical Tyrolean village overlooking Innsbruck, 34½gns. These and several other holidays described in our new programme cost little more than normal air fare alone but include a full fortnight's hotel accommodation with full board, as well! Write for brochure to Wings, Limited, 48 (B3) Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

SKI-ING bargains. We can still include you in one of our January ski-ing parties at reduced rates. Departures for Hochsöiden, December 31, Gargellen, January 7 and 28, Klosters, January 14. Inclusive costs from 28½gns. Erna Low, 47(NS), Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

A MERRY Christmas to the gentle readers who have visited or intend visiting The Lawson Gallery, 3 Royal Opera Arcade, Pall Mall E., S.W.1.

EASIBINDER "self-binding" cases will hold your "New Statesman" as if they were in a bound volume! Maroon rexine cloth, tit'ed in gold, 13s. 6d., post free, from The Publishers, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

NEW Year Weekend. We can still include a few additional men on our New Year Weekend or special New Year's Eve Party in Berkshire (1½ hrs. London). Telephone KEN. 0911, Erna Low, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7.

A UNIQUE 17-day cruise to the U.S.S.R., Poland and Scandinavia by the M.S. Batory 14,300 tons is under preparation, sailing from Southampton, June 18, 1956, and calling at Amsterdam, Gdynia, Leningrad, Stockholm and Copenhagen, in which ports shore excursions will be available, including an overland trip to Moscow. Rates range from £79. Due to limited membership, if interested please apply immediately for further information to Dept. S.N., Overseas Travel Company, Ltd. (representing I Grandi Viaggi, Milan), Triumph House, 189 Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Regent 3841-4.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

ESCAPE from Winter to Majorca, Ibiza, etc. 15 days from £39; 12 weeks £90. New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. MOLesey 2103. Summer Programme ready shortly.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship). Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions, Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre. 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

MISS Ollivier. Colonic irrigation. Open until 8 p.m. MAYfair 1085.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MOBILE recording unit. Schools, choirs, plays, concerts, meetings. Prof. equip. only. Tape/discs, L.P. Homecord. HAM. 1466.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

PERSONAL—continued

THEY all laughed when my portrait was set down on the piano. Later, I went to John Vickers and now Cecily plays Chopin every evening. John Vickers, 29b Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

VERSES, speeches, to order for (almost) any occs. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., L'pool, 15. Childwall 4123.

WHAT is your body worth? Join A.D.A. making it useful after death by leaving it in your Will for anatomical research. The subsequent burial will cost nothing. Ambrose Appelbe, Chairman, Anatomical Donors' Association, 7 New Square, W.C.2.

PLEASE accept my best wishes for Christmas and a cordial invitation to visit my new studio at 30 Abbey Gardens in the New Year. Anthony Panting.

TAILORED Models, Ltd., for made-to-measure ski-trousers and slacks for ladies. 38 Brewer St., W.1. Gerard 0560.

DO you suffer from nerves? Try Nerve Manipulation, a therapy of proved value in conditions of nervous tension, exhaustion, fatigue and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

EXCITING and Original Christmas Gifts for men only at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Poulett's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Call or send for latest illustrated catalogue. Open until 7 p.m. Thurs. and 3 p.m. Sats.

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ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5 gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

CHRISTIAN Action in Africa. Please send us a gift this Christmas. Donations to Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4, earmarked "Africa Fund."

IS your daughter named Ann? To all parents of happy Anns we would say "Please send us a donation to help some other Ann who is not as fortunate as yours." The N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Square, London.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

WHAT in the World Goes On in the U.S.A.? For only £2 a year (52 issues) by Air Mail the "National Guardian," the voice of progressive America, keeps you informed. Special introductory offer for limited time only: 6 months for 15s. Subscribe direct through London distribution bureau. Cedric Belfrage (editor-in-exile), Dept. N, 16 Talbot Square, W.2.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Inform. & literature from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"THE Adenauer Story" starts in Londoner Post advertised in this column.

DEVELOPMENTS in India and the Middle East are discussed by R. Palme Dutt in the January "Labour Monthly." Also: "The Trade that Butler Stops." (John Eaton), etc. Order now. 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. post free sub. from NS.134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

"HELL'S Bells" by Marmaduke Dixey wanted. H. Walker, 24 Binney St., W.1.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

"LONDONER Post," the new illustrated weekly in German and English will keep you abreast of the German-speaking world. First issue now on sale, 6d. from newsagents or direct from Londoner Post, 79 Cambridge Rd., London, N.W.6. MAI. 7917.

CHESS: Soviet Masters & Grandmasters at Hastings. Special Keres-Ragozin-Vorchnoi-Taimanov double no. of Soviet chess Bulletin. Vol. 2, Nos. 2 & 3. Biographies & annotated games. 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, has now added Russian to its "Typical Conversations" in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s., Dept. NS., The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

SOVIET Information Bulletins. Wide range of subjects. First-hand facts. Just out: History, Vol. 2, No. 4, International Historians Congress; Medical, Vol. 2, No. 4, British Doctors See Soviet Doctors at Work, and Soviet View of Listerellosis Infection; Social Sciences, Vol. 2, No. 4, New Stage in Soviet Industry—Long Term Plans, Directors' Problems, etc. Each 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

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WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "The Mint," by T. E. Lawrence, limited edition, uncut, perfect, 7gns.; "Manchester Guardian Weekly," 1943-54, 10 missing, "New Statesman," 1945-1954, 17 missing, offers; Keesings 1948-54, bound, offers.

WANTED: English edition Jules Verne "Michael Strogoff"; "Transatlantic Review"; "Criterions," Literary magazines; French Linguaphone; Italian Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18–64 inclusive or a woman aged 18–59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Senior Lecturer/Reader in Indonesian and Malayan Studies. The University of Sydney is entering the field of Indonesian and Malayan Studies by establishing in the first instance a general course, at Pass level, in the history and cultures of the regions concerned. Applications are invited for a Senior Lecturer or Reader. Preference will be given to a candidate whose qualifications are not only in the history and cultures but who also possesses qualifications in at least some of the languages of the regions. The successful candidate will be in charge of the department and will be expected, with the aid of additional staff, to extend the studies by the addition of language courses. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A1,800 × £A70 – £A2,150 per annum; for a Reader £A2,350 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed (£A26 males, £A20 females). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary for a Senior Lecturer will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is January 28, 1956.

AUSTRALIA.—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200–£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Preference will be given to a candidate who has qualifications in the modern history of China or Japan, but the successful applicant is likely to be required to undertake some teaching in other historical subjects. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is January 27, 1956.

B.B.C. requires Announcer in Cardiff (men only). Duties include presentation of all types of programmes, preparation of announcements, taking charge of speakers and artists at microphone. Good microphone voice, good general education and complete fluency in Welsh and English with ability to translate quickly from one to the other essential. Knowledgeable interest in music and literature and ability to pronounce French and German desirable. Ability to pronounce Italian and Spanish additional qualifications. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Initial appointment might be on grade with starting salary £725 with prospect of promotion to higher grade, subject to attainment of requisite standard. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1444 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary not less than £550 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than January 18, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

TEACHERS for British Columbia. The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September, 1956. Applicants should be under the age of 45 years, must hold a recognised university degree and have completed a formal course of teacher training or hold a diploma in Education. Those interested should write immediately to Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent General, B.C. House, 1-3 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative, who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia, will be arranged in the early spring for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

NURSERY helper reqd. Jan. 9, 1956. Small sal. but interesting work and excel. experience in preparation for teacher-training, social work, etc. Write Miss Grove, Chelsea Open Air Nursery Sch., 51 Glebe Pl., S.W.3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CEMA: The Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (Northern Ireland). General Secretary. The Board of CEMA, which functions as the Arts Council of Northern Ireland, invites applications for the post of General Secretary. The successful candidate will be the Board's chief executive officer, and will be required to initiate and carry out schemes which encourage the development of Drama, Music and the Arts throughout Northern Ireland. The salary payable will be £1,250 per annum, provided that a higher figure may be offered to an exceptionally-qualified candidate. Applications, containing the names of three referees, should reach the Honorary Secretary-General, CEMA, Tyrone House, Ormeau Avenue, Belfast, by Jan. 31, 1956. Further dets. of the post can be obtained from the same address.

CO-OPERATIVE Wholesale Society, Ltd., Market Research Department. The Department has a small full-time consumer research team, a section specialising in the study of retailing practices, and a library and commercial information unit. It is seeking to reinforce its staff, particularly in the retail trade research section. Vacancies available range from trainee to fully qualified research assistant. Fully qualified Research Assistants must have a suitable background of business experience (not necessarily in market research); a degree (or equivalent qualification); and a good knowledge of co-operative methods and organisation. The trainee positions are open to recently qualified graduates, or to others who have suitable business experience, and have made some progress in studies leading to a degree in economics, commerce, or statistics (or in other appropriate courses of study). Knowledge of co-operative organisation or of market research would be particularly valuable, though not essential. One vacancy (primarily concerned with collection of information from retail co-operative societies) may occur in London; apart from this all successful candidates will be required to reside near Manchester. All candidates must be prepared to travel as required. Persons who feel they are suitable for appointment as a trainee, or as research assistant, or for any intermediate position, are invited to apply to the following address, giving full details of age, education, experience, etc., and stating salary required.—Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., Central Labour Department, 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, 4. Endorsed "Market Research Dept."

BETHNAL Green Old People's Welfare Committee. Applications are invited from ladies for the following full-time appointments: Clerical Assistant, Welfare Assistant. Salaries—£350 per annum. Candidates for the appointment of Clerical Assistant should have had previous office experience and be able to use a typewriter. Candidates for the appointment of Welfare Assistant must be competent to drive a car; a knowledge of welfare work and some office experience will be an advantage. Further particulars and forms of application are obtainable from the Honorary Secretary at the Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2. Completed forms must be returned by Monday, January 9, 1956.

NORFOLK County Council. Children's Department. Assistant House Mother (resident) required at Shiels Court, Brundall. The Home provides accommodation for twenty boys aged 5-15 years. This position offers considerable scope to persons interested in work with children. Salary Scale £320 × £15 to £365 per annum less £108 per annum for board, lodging and laundry. Applications should be made, as soon as possible, to the Children's Officer, 23 Thorpe Road, Norwich.

SURREY County Council. Resident Assistant Housemothers required (with or without experience) for children's homes in Surrey. Salary: £320 × £15—£365 p.a. less £108 p.a. emoluments. Application form & fuller details obtainable on receipt of an s.a. foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/278), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

MILFORD Chest Hospital, Godalming, Surrey. Student Nurses (male and female) required for two year's training for the State Preliminary Examination and Certificate of the British Tuberculosis Association. Training grant £245 first year and £255 second year, less £113 for full board residence. Uniform provided. Bonus of £60 payable at the expiration of two years' B.T.A. training. Hospital transport connects with rail and bus services. Apply: The Matron.

WARDEN Housekeeper—40 flats for business women Bournville, Birmingham. Charge of catering and domestic staff. Flat and board provided. State age and experience. Salary up to £7 per week according to experience. Secretary, Estate Office, Weoley Park Road, Birmingham, 29.

RESIDENT hostess required, Swiss lakeside resort. May-Sept. Simtours, 28 Southampton Street, W.C.2.

RESIDENT Lady Cook required as soon as possible for numbers up to 60. Modern kitchen, Aga cooker. Attractive post for third-year I.M.A. student. Ample free time allowed. Good salary. Apply Warden, Flatford Mill, East Bergholt, Colchester, Essex.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic kindergarten teacher (preferably Froebel trained) wanted Easter or Summer for recognised independent co-educational School, Hampstead. Pleasant working conditions.—Scope for initiative. Burnham Scale London allowance. Write Box 1888.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £640 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than January 4, 1956. Canvassing forbidden.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. Housemaster (single or married) reqd. to take charge of house for 44 boys aged 15-17 yrs., at Atdale Approved School, Stifford, Nr. Grays, Essex. Duties include assistance with leisure activities (incl. sports and recreations); supervision; some assistance with court work and recovery of absconders. Applicants should either have been approved by H.O. for appointment as Housemaster or possess approp. qualifcn. (H.O. Res. Cert., Diploma in Youth Leadership, etc.); an unqualified candidate with adequate res. expce. of work might be appointed subject to H.O. approval. Salary: Within scale £465 15s.—£769 10s. p.a. acc. to age and/or expce., less £109 10s. p.a. for board, lodging, etc. Eight weeks' annual leave. If married accom. for husband and wife only available. Details and applic. form from Children's Officer (CH/A2/2056), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, consisting of advisory work in the schools and diagnostic work in the County's Child Guidance Clinic and Remand Homes, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service. Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology, and have had approved clinical training. Teaching experience is essential. Salary: Man £775—£915, Woman £705—£815. An Officer using his own car when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowance on the County scale for the time being in force. Forms of application, with further particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester, and should be returned to him by January 14.

RAMBLERS' Association Services, Ltd., an expanding travel organisation with offices near Baker Street, has a number of interesting vacancies for people with experience and/or interest in travel. Semi-Senior Appointments at salaries on scale £450 rising to £550. Junior Clerks at salaries £300/£350 rising to £450. Shorthand/Typists minimum speeds 120/60 at £430 rising to £475. Supplementary bonus may be payable to those with good French/German/Italian. Initial salary on scales depends on age, experience, etc. Three weeks' holiday, paid overtime, most Saturday mornings free, pension scheme, substantial foreign holiday concessions, good working conditions. Applications by letter only marked "Staff" to be sent to 48 Park Road, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

MARKET Research: Young man who has completed National Service required for post of Junior Statistician in expanding Research Department of a leading London Advertising Agency. Practical experience of sampling procedures and psychological statistics would be an advantage. A background in theoretical statistics is not essential. The successful applicant can expect in due course to achieve full executive status in a Department conducting all types of Marketing and Advertising Research. Application should be sent to Director of Research, McCann-Erickson Advertising, Ltd., Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, London, W.C.2.

DISCHARGED Prisoners' Aid, Holloway. Fully qualified woman assistant Social Worker required 3/4 days weekly. Temporary arrangement at first. Salary £400 p.a. Apply by letter Secretary, 48 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

SHORTHAND-Typists required for an expanding travel organisation with offices near Baker Street. Minimum speeds 120/60. Salary on scale £430 rising to £475. Supplementary bonus may be payable to those with good French/German/Italian. Three weeks' holiday, paid overtime, most Saturday mornings free, pension scheme, substantial foreign holiday concessions, good working conditions. Applications should state shorthand/typing speeds and give a typed summary of past experience. Box 1900.

WANTED January 1, competent woman shorthand typist 4 days a week for social welfare agency. Apply General Secretary, 21 Coram Street, London, W.C.1.

ANY woman, English or Foreign, wanting live near Manchester, would be welcome share duties running modernised home in Didsbury after the New Year. Three in family, adults; good wages offered for part-time work; own bed sitting room. Box 1752.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required in Trade Union office. Apply, stating age and experience, to Box 1828.

OFFICE worker required for film distributors. Book-keeping, knowledge of typing. Full- or part-time. Box 1853.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2 (adj. Strand Tube). TRAfalgar 9060.

LADY required for office work and typing, 2-6 daily. WHI. 8657 after 3.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 37 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

HOUSEKEEPER for 4 months or longer starting February. Small, new, well-equipped house near Porthcurl, ½-mile pleasant country, ½-mile quiet beach. Box 1726.

ART shop proprietress & writer husband offer board, lodging, small payment in exchange light household help. Sea front house, Suffolk coast. Box 1850.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School. Teacher required for Sunday mornings 10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN translator, 31, Hons. M.A. French & Spanish, widely-travelled, adaptable, sks. interest., unus. job abroad, pref. Far East. Anything cons. Box 1839.

WOMAN classics graduate, 24, writing ability, some shorthand-typing, conscientious, seeks interesting post. Box 1796.

YOUNG man, writing ability, seeks job in lit./journ./pubshg. field. Box 1790.

YOUNG Indian student with University and public school education, seeks evening work. Anything consid. Box 1776.

YOUNG Painter seeks business post. At present employed in Fine Art Publishers. Exp. lecturing abroad, writing. Box 1872.

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CONVALESCENCE, Rest, Winter Holiday. A warm Winter assured in this lovely home. All wishing warmth and comfrt. will enjoy Normanhurst, the small, friendly hotel in "Britain's Best Climate" (mild, no fogs) Rec. b, rdrs, Twin-bedded 4½/6½gns, Singles 5½gns. up, incl. full board, early tea, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. throghout.). No gratuities. Convalescents welcome.; bkfst. in bed (nominal chge.). Facing S., opp. covrd. walk; nr. warm Sun-lnge. Illus. brochures. Vegetarian if desired. Fresh fruit daily. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex, Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Xmas.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

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FOR sale: As new, Kenwood elec. Chef plus liquidizer, drive unit, juice separator. Cost £47 6s. 3d. Sell £34 BAY. 0168.

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OLD Turkeys take on a new look when served with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS—TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Extra mat. Bxg. Day, 2.30. J. B. Priestley's "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." 'Rollicking Comedy.'—Evg. Standard.

TH. ROYAL, Stratford, E.15. Big Rock Candy Mountain. All week 2.30 & 7.45. Opens Boxing Day. MAR. 5973.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. (No perfs. Dec. 24) Boxing Day onwards daily 2.30 & 7.30. "Listen to the Wind." Mems. 10s. p.a.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Tues.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sun. 7. New West Indian comedy. "Junction Village," prod. by Edric Connor.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Nightly (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun. 9.30. All coloured late night revue devised by Edric Connor. Membership 10s. yr. includes guest ticket.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 24. James Stewart, Richard Conte in "Call Northside 777." (A). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.15. Open to Public.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 24: Jacques Tati in "Jour de Fête" (U). From Dec. 26: Jacques Tati in "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U).

ROXY Rep. Cinema, BAY. 2345, Dec. 26. Danny Kaye, Hans Christian Andersen U.

W.E.A. Grand New Year's Eve Party and Dance at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-Midnight, Sat., Dec. 31. Tickets 4s. (incl. refreshments) from Miss Hassid, Cent. Ldn. Br., 268 Russell Ct., W.C.1. All welc.

SOVIET Film Week: Scala Theatre, W.1. Mon.-Sat., Jan. 23-28. The Big Family; The Safety Match (Tchekov comedy); True Friends, Team From Our Street, etc. B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

BOXING-Day, December 26, 7-11.15 p.m. Grand Xmas Dance at Carlton Rooms, 140 Maida Vale, W.9 (near Kilburn Bridge). Tickets at the door: 6s.

CLUB Cage D'Or invites you to a Noel Party, Monday 26th. Dancing 8.30-2.30. 10s. 6d. inc. buffet. New Year's Eve Ball 8.30-2.30 £1 1s. inc. buffet. Tickets limited. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Thursday and Saturday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Sec. or please call at the Club.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy, 1955. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Closed 23rd to 27th. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

BERKELEY Galls., 20 Davies St., W.1. Xmas Exhib. Pottery, Painting, Sculpture.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Derrick Greaves: New Paintings. Sheila Fell: 1st Exhibn. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of "Elegance Militaire." Paintings & prints in colour (1800-1900). Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Jan. 28.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Cremonini. Until January 6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent graphic work by G. Braque. Paintings—Charles Higgins (Pic.).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

AUSTEN Albu, Lord Halsbury, R. Harle, P. P. Love on Automation. Beatrice Webb Hse., Dorking. Dec. 30-Jan. 1. The Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

THE University of Birmingham will offer a one-year post-graduate course in applied social studies (social casework) within the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, commencing in October, 1956. This course will lead to a Graduate Diploma in Social Work and is intended to provide a professional education and qualification for candidates desiring to practise in any branch of social casework. Applicants must hold a relevant degree or a post-graduate qualification in the social sciences before admission will be considered. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Professor of Social Science, the University, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15, after Jan. 1, 1956.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochure 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

YOGA.—The next basic course of 12 lessons conducted by Sri Yogiraj, Edward Hain, M.A., will begin on Thurs., Jan. 12, 1956. The second lesson will be on Wed., Jan. 18, and subsequent lessons every Wednesday, ending March 28. All lessons begin at 6.30 p.m. Apply for prospectus & terms to the Sec., Y.P.S. School, 6 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3.

CITY of Coventry Training College. Supplementary One-Year Course in Mathematics, commencing September 1956. Students completing two years' training in July, and qualified teachers, are invited to apply for this course, which will enable students to develop their knowledge of Mathematics and qualify as specialist teachers to pupils of varying ability in secondary schools. Application forms and further details obtainable from Principal, Training College, Canley, Coventry.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost, Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Soc., LL.B., and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all Levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law, Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

SHORTHAND-typing courses, mornings, beg. Jan. 1956. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New crses Jan. 5. Day/resid. students. Canteen.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual ttuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HUMAN Communication: a series of four weekend study groups, Jan. 13 & 27, Feb. 10 & 24, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for detailed programme.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society: "Wages & Poverty" Discussion. Wed., Dec. 28, 7.30, St. Annes Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. December 24 at 6 p.m. Christmas Carols of many countries.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

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YOUNG professional man requires board residence, North London. Box 1869.

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SPANIARD, 30, sks. anr. man with flat, willing to share. Cen. Lond. Box 1854.

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PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

COTTAGE in attrac. Bucks village to let, Jan. to Easter. 30s. wkly. Elsan, no bathrm., otherwise v. comfortable. Box 1819.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. Day school for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3 (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

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BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a., and a Music Scholarship varying from £40 to £100 p.a. will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in March, 1956, for girls aged between 11 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

CHANNING School Foundation Scholarship Examination, 1956, for both boarders and day girls, will be held on March 5-7 next. The scholarships are open to girls born between July 1, 1942, and June 30, 1945. Full particulars from the Secretary, Channing School, Highgate, London.

FIRCROFT, Residential College for Working Men. Scholarships and bursaries are available for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the session beginning September, 1956. Details, copies of the prospectus and application forms from the Warden, Fircroft College, Birmingham, 30.

KENT College, Canterbury. A number of Free Tuition Places will be awarded to boarders on the result of the Entrance Examination to be held on February 1, 1956. Candidates must have spent two years in a State-aided Primary School. No age limit, but main entry age 11. Full particulars from the Headmaster's Secretary.

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